



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

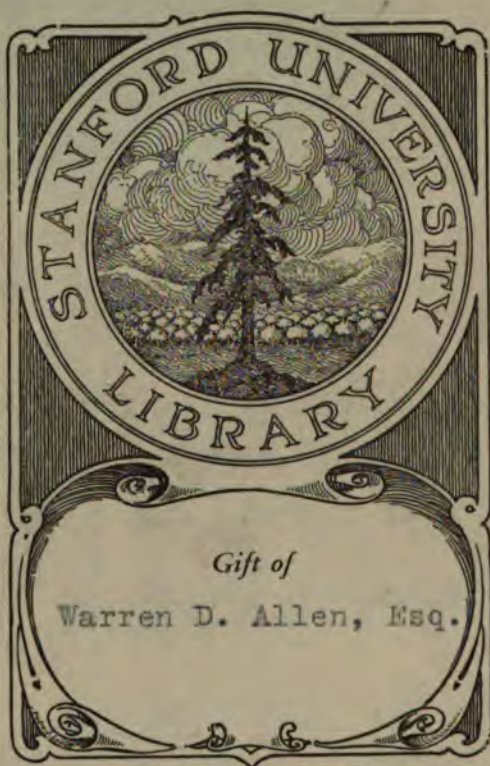
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





GRAND OPERA LIBRETTOS

ITALIAN
AND ENGLISH TEXT
AND MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

RIGOLETTO

BY
VERDI

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
BOSTON

LYON & HEALY *Chicago*

J. E. DITSON & CO
New York

J. E. DITSON & CO
Philadelphia



THE VOCAL AND PIANO SCORES OF *THIS* OPERA

¶ Also the separate Vocal and Instrumental arrangements (or selections) can be purchased at our various stores. ¶ A complete list of Librettos published by us will be found on back cover pages. :: :: :: ::

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York

J. E. DITSON & CO., Philadelphia

VERDI'S
OPERA
RIGOLETTO

CONTAINING THE

ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN
ENGLISH TRANSLATION

AND

THE MUSIC OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

STANFORD LIBRARY

BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

NEW YORK
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.

CHICAGO
LYON & HEALY

PHILADELPHIA
J. E. DITSON & CO.

*Copyright, MDCCCLX, by Oliver Ditson & Co.
Copyright, MDCCCLXX XVIII, by Oliver Ditson & Co.*

*he
concord*

THE STORY OF "RIGOLETTO"

RIGOLETTO, a hunchback buffoon, or jester to the libertine Duke of Mantua, and willing pander to his licentious habits, has by his ribald and unfeeling jests, together with his villanous connivance at the Duke's open disdain for all considerations of honor, rendered himself highly objectionable to the courtiers, particularly the Counts of Ceprano and Monterone, whose wife and daughter respectively have become victims to the unbridled passions of the Duke. Monterone, in indignation at the dishonor to which he is subjected, seeks the Duke's presence and boldly denounces his conduct, and that of his vile abettor, Rigoletto, who is inwardly terror-stricken by his vehement maledictions.

Rigoletto has a young and beautiful daughter, whom he conceals from public observation with the most jealous care; so strictly has she been guarded that she has not been allowed to leave her home, except to attend her religious observances at church. She, however, has not escaped the notice of the Duke, who has repeatedly observed her at her devotions, and contrived to track her to her humble habitation, where, by bribing her servant, he gains access to her. Representing himself to be a poor student deeply impressed with her attractions, he succeeds in inspiring her with reciprocal sentiments, never dreaming that it is the daughter of his buffoon he is thus beguiling.

The fact of the existence of a young and lovely woman in the dwelling of Rigoletto becoming known to the courtiers, they form a plot to abduct her therefrom by force and deliver her to the

Duke. At a late hour in the evening they assemble (masked) in the neighborhood of Rigoletto's dwelling, and, under pretence that they are going to carry off the wife of Ceprano, whose house adjoins Rigoletto's, they induce him to assist. He is accordingly masked and bandaged, and is made to hold the ladder by which some of the party ascend to the window of his house, which they enter, and tear away the bewildered Gilda, whose mouth they cover, to prevent her giving any alarm, and carry her off triumphantly to the Ducal Palace.

The outwitted jester, finding himself deserted, immediately suspects that all is not right, and tearing off the bandage, perceives the scarf of his daughter, which has been dropped in the flight; he is instantly struck with the conviction that he has been robbed of his beloved Gilda, his only treasure, and that the curse of Count Monterone has already begun to work.

The courtiers relate to the Duke as a good joke how they had carried off the jester's *mistress*, but he knew full well from their description that it was Gilda they had abducted, and the unfortunate girl soon became a prey to his insatiate passions.

Rigoletto hastens to the palace, and demands his daughter from the courtiers, who treat him with contempt and derision, baffling all his endeavors to obtain access to the Duke. He is presently joined by his daughter, who has at length freed herself from the vicious attentions of the Duke, and after mutual condolence they quit the place, cursing the scene of their disgrace. Resolving to be revenged on the author

of his daughter's and his own misery, Rigoletto hires a bravo named Sparafucile, for a stipulated sum, to assassinate the Duke, who is enticed by the blandishments of Maddelene, the sister of Sparafucile, to the bravo's house, a ruinous and lonely inn.

Gilda has been desired by her father to put on male attire and fly to Verona, but previous to starting, in order to extinguish the lingering affection which she still entertains for her unprincipled seducer, she is made an eye-witness, through crevices in the wall of the inn, of his inconstancy and perfidy. She overhears the sister of the bravo earnestly endeavoring to dissuade him from murdering the handsome guest; but he resolutely persists in his determination to fulfil his contract, unless some person should chance to come to the inn before midnight whom he might kill instead, and pass the body in a sack to Rigoletto as that of the murdered

Duke. Upon hearing this Gilda at once resolves to save the life of the undeserving object of her affections by sacrificing her own. She knocks at the door of the inn, is admitted, and instantly stabbed by the cold-blooded assassin. Shortly after, Rigoletto appears, pays the bravo, and receives from him the sack containing (as he supposes) the body of the Duke; he proceeds to throw it into the river which runs at the back of the inn, but before he has time to accomplish it, he is astounded by the voice of the living Duke, which he hears at a short distance; he instantly suspects foul play, tears open the sack, and is horrified to find, instead of the dead body of the hated Duke, the dying form of his beloved daughter, who almost immediately expires. Overwhelmed with terror and anguish at the fulfilment of the dreaded malediction, he falls senseless on the body of his unfortunate daughter.

RIGOLETTO.

ATTO I.

ACT I.

SCENA 1.—*Sala magnifica nel Palazzo Ducale, con porte nel fondo, che mettono ad altre sale, pure splendidamente illuminate; folla di Cavalieri e Dame in gran costume nel fondo delle sale; Paggi che vanno e vengono. La festa è nel suo pieno. Musica interna da lontano e seroci di risa di tratto in tratto.*

SCENE 1.—*Magnificent Saloon in the Ducal Palace, with opening in the back scene, through which other Saloons are seen, the whole brilliantly lighted for a Fête, which is at its height—Nobles and Ladies in magnificent costumes moving in all directions—Pages passing to and fro—Music heard in the distance, and occasional bursts of merriment*

Il DUCA e BORSA, che vengono da una porta del fondo.

Enter the DUKE and BORSA, from the back

Duc. Della mia bella incognita borghese,
Toccare il fin dell' avventura io voglio.

Duke. Beautiful as youthful is my unknown charmer,
And to the end I will pursue the adventure.

Bor. Di quella giovinche vedete al tempio?

Bor. The maiden you mean whom you see at the church?

Duc. Da tre lune ogni festa.

Duke. For three months past, on every Sunday.

Bor. La sua dimora?

Bor. Know you where she lives?

Duc. In un remoto calle;
Misterioso un uom v' entra ogni notte

Duke. In a remote part of the city,
Where a mysterious man visits her nightly

Bor. E sa colei chi sia

Bor. And do you not know who he is?

Duc. L' amante suo?

Bor. Is he her lover?

Duc. Lo ignora.

Duke. I do not know.

[Un gruppo di Dame e Cavalieri attraversa la sala.]

[A group of Ladies and Gentlemen crosses the stage.]

Bor. Quante beltà!—Mirate.

Bor. What beauty!—Do you not admire it?

Duc. Le vince tutte di Cepran la sposa.

Duke. Ceprano's wife surpasses the handsomest of them.

Bor. Non v' oda il Conte, o Duca— *[Piano.]*

Bor. Mind the Count does not hear you, Duke. *[Softly]*

Duc. A me che importa?

Duke. What care I for him!

Bor. Dirlo ad altra ei potria—

Bor. It may get talked about.

Duc. Nè sventura per me certo saria.

Duke. That would not much affect me.

QUESTA O QUELLA—'MID THE FAIR THRO'NG. AIR. DUKE.


Que-sta o quel - la.... per me pa - ri so - no A quant' al - - tre d'in-
'Mid the fair thro'ng that spar - kle a - round me, Not one.... e'er my


tor - no.... d'in - tor - no mi ve - - do, Del mio co - re.... l'im-
heart—no!.... not one e'er my heart holds sway; Though a sweet smile one


pe - ro non ce - - do.... Meg - liò ad u - - na.... che ad al - tra bel-
me most may charm me,.... A glance from some bright eye.... its spell drives a

th. La co-sto-ro avve-nen sa è qual do - - - no Di che il fa - to ne in-
way. All a-like may at-tract each in turn may please; Now with one I may

fo - ra la vi - ta;..... S'og - gi que - sta..... mi tor - na gra-
tri - ste and play,..... Then an - eth - er..... may sport with and

di - ta, For - se un' al - - tra, for - se un' al - - tra..... do - man lo sa-
tense—Yet all my heart to en - slave their wives dis - play,.... my heart to en-

ra, un' al..... tra, for - se un' al..... tra..... do - man lo sa - rà.
slave their wives..... dis - play, their wives dis - play,.... their wives.... dis - play.

La costanza tiranna del core
Detestiamo qual morbo crudele,
Sol chi vuole sì serbi fedele;
Non v' ha amor, se non v' è libertà.
De' mariti il geloso furor,
Degli amanti le smanie derido,
Anco d' Argo i cent' occhi disfidò
Se mi punge una qualche beltà.

Entra il CONTE DI CEFRANO, che segue da lungi la sua sposa, seguita da altre Cavalieri—Dame e Signori entrano da varie parti.

Duc. [Alla Signora di Cefrano, movendo ad incontrarla con molta galanteria.] Partite? Crudele!

*Con. Seguire lo sposo
M' è forza a Cefrano.*

*Duc. Ma dee luminoso
In Corte tal astro qual sole brillar.
Per voi qui ciascuno dovrà palpitar.
Per voi già possente la fiamma d' amore
Inebria, conquide, distrugge il mio core.*

[Con enfasi baciandole la mano.]

Con. Calmatevi—

Duc. No!

[Ce da il braccio, ed esce con lei.]

Entra RIGOLETTO, che s' incontra nel SIGNOR DI CEFRANO; poi Cortigiani.

*Rig. In testa che avete,
Signor di Cefrano?*

[Cefrano fa un gesto d' impazienza, e segue: Duc.]

Rig. [Ai Cortigiani.] Eh buffa, vedete?

Cev. Che festa!

Rig. Oh s—

Con. Il Duca qui pur si diverte.

*Rig. Così non è sempre? che nuove scoperte!
Il ginoco ed il vino, le feste, la danza,
Battaglie, conviti, ben tutto gli sta.
Or della Contessa l' assedio egli avanza,
E intanto il marito fremendo ne va.*

[Esce.]

As a dove flies, alarm'd, to seek shelter,
Pursued by some vulture, to bear it aloft in sighs,
Thus do I fly from constancy's fetter:
E'en women's spells I shun—all their efforts I elude
A husband that's jealous I scorn and despise,
And I laugh at and heed not a lover's sighs;
If a fair one take my heart by surprise,
I heed not scornful tongues or prying eyes.

Enter COUNT CEFRANO, watching his Wife, who is seen advancing from the distance, attended by a Cavalier—Lords and Ladies promenading at back.

Duka. [Meeting the Countess, and addressing her with gallantry.] Are you already going, cruel one?

*Countess. I must obey my husband:
Cefrano desires me to leave.*

*Duka. The light of your face
Sheds upon the court more lustre than the sun;
For your smile all alike must sigh;
For you love's flame doth all around consume;
Enslaved, enchanted, for you my heart is breaking.*

[Kissing her hand with warmth.]

Countess. Be more circumspect.

Duka. No!

[Giving her his arm, and leading her off.]

Enter RIGOLETTO, meeting the COUNT CEFRANO and Nobles.

*Rig. What troubles your thoughts,
Signor Cefrano?*

[Count shows impatience, and goes off after the Duke.]

Rig. [To the Cavaliers.] He is out of temper, I see.

Cho. What sport!

Rig. Indeed!

*Con. The Duke is having his diversion
Is it not always so? What is there new in it?
Gambling and drinking, feasting and dancing,
Fighting and banqueting, all come to him alike.
Now 'gainst the Countess siege he is laying,
Her husband's jealousy wholly deriding.*

[Esce.]

RIGOLETTO.

7

Entrò MARULLO.

Mar. [Premuroso.] Gran nuova! gran nuova!
 Che avvenne? parlate!
 Core. Stupir ne dovete—
 Core. Narrate, narrate—
 Mar. Ah! ah!—Rigoletto—
 Core. Ebben?
 Mar. Caso enorme!—
 Core. Perduto ha la gobba? non è più difforme?
 Mar. Più strana è la cosa!—Il passo possiede—
 Core. Infine?
 Mar. Un' amante!
 Core. Amante! Chi il crede?
 Mar. Il gobbo in Cupido or s'è trasformato!—
 Core. Quel mostro Cupido!—Cupido beato!—

Entrò il DUCA, seguito da RIGOLETTO, indi CEPRA-NO.

Duc. Ah, quanto Cefrano, importano non v'è.
 [A Rigoletto.]
 La cara sua posa è un angiol per me!
 Rig. Rapitale.
 Duc. E detto; ma il farlo?
 Rig. Stassera.
 Duc. E pensi tu al Conte?
 Rig. Non c'è la prigione?
 Duc. Ah no.
 Rig. Ebben—s' esilia.
 Duc. Nemmeno, buffone.
 Rig. Adunque la testa—
 [Indicando di farla tagliare.]
 Cap. (Oh, l'anima nera!)
 Duc. Che di' questa testa?
 [Battendo colla mano una spalla al Conte.]
 Rig. Che far di tal testa?—A cosa ella vale?
 Cap. Marrano.
 Duc. Fermate—
 [A Cefrano.]
 Rig. Da rider mi fa.
 Core. In furia è montato!
 [Tre loro.]
 Duc. Buffone, vien qua.
 [A Rigoletto.]
 Ah! sempre tu spingi lo scherzo all'estremo,
 Quell'ira che sfida colpir ti potrà.
 Rig. Che coglier mi puote? Di loro non temo;
 Del Duca un protetto nessun toccherà.
 Cap. Vendetta del passo—
 [Ai Cortigiani, a parte.]
 Core. Contr'esso un rancore
 Per tristi suoi modi, di noi chi non ha?
 Cap. Vendetta.
 Core. Ma come?
 Cap. Domani, chi ha core
 Sia in armi da me.
 Tutti. Sì.
 Cap. A notte.
 Tutti. Sarà.
 [La folla de' danzatori invade la sala.]
 Tutto è gioia, tutto è festa,
 Tutto invitaci a goder!
 Oh, guardate, non par questa,
 Or la reggia del piacer!
 Conte di Montecroce. [Dall'interno.] Ch'io gli parli.

Entrò il CONTE DI MONTECROCE.

Duc. No.
 Men. Il voglio.
 Tutti. Montecroce!
 Men. [Fissando il Duca con nobile orgoglio.]
 Sì Montecroce—la voce mia qual suono
 Vi scuoterà dovunque—
 Rig. [Al Duca, contraffacendo la voce di Montecroce.]
 Ch'io gli parli. [Si avvanza con ridicola gravità.]

Entrò MARULLO.

Mar. [Eagerly.] O, such news! such news I have!
 Che. What has happened?—Tell me
 Mar. You will be quite surprised.
 Che. Narrate it! narrate it!
 Mar. Ah! ah! Rigoletto—
 Che. What of him?
 Mar. A strange adventure
 Che. Has he lost his hump? Is he no longer deform'd?
 Mar. Stranger much than that!—The idiot has taken—
 Che. Taken what?
 Mar. An innamorata!
 Che. An innamorata!—Incredible
 Mar. Into a cupid the hunchback is transform'd.
 Che. Oh, what a cupid!—What a comical cupid!

Enter the DUKE, followed by RIGOLETTO, and CEPFRANO in the background.

Duke. [To Rigoletto.] What a troublesome fellow is this
 Cefrano!
 But his wife—to my mind she's an angel!
 Rig. Then carry her off.
 Duke. That is easily said—but how to do it?
 Rig. Do it to-night.
 Duke. You do not consider the Count.
 Rig. Can you not put him in prison?
 Duke. Ah! no.
 Rig. Then why not banish him?
 Duke. Buffoon, I dare not.
 Rig. His head, then. [Making signs of cutting it off]
 Cap. [Coming forward.] (Black-hearted villain!)
 Duke. Is this the head you speak of?
 [Placing his hand on the shoulder of the Count]
 Rig. [Laughing.] Of what value is such a head as that?
 Cap. Mischance!
 [Furiously, and drawing his sword]
 Duke. Forbear. [To Cefrano]
 Rig. He only makes me laugh.
 Che. He is frantic with rage. [Among themselves]
 Duke. Buffoon, come hither. [To Rigoletto]
 You always carry your jokes too far;—
 The anger you provoke may one day on your own
 head alight.
 Rig. Who can hurt me?—I have no fear.
 The Duke's protégé no one dares to injure!
 Cap. Vengeance on the buffoon!
 [Aside to Courtiers]
 Che. And who amongst us
 Has not some wrong to be avenged?
 Cap. And they shall be avenged!
 Che. But how?
 Cap. To-morrow, let all who have the courage,
 By my side, and armed, appear.
 Che. Be it so.
 Cap. At night.
 Che. Agreed.
 [Groups of Dancers appear]
 All here is joyful—all here is festive;
 To pleasure all here invites;
 Oh, look around, and in all faces see
 The reign of voluptuous delights.
 Count Montecroce. [From without.] I will speak to him

Enter COUNT MONTECROCE.

Duke. No.
 Men. But I will.
 Che. Montecroce!
 Men. [Looking scornfully at the Duke.]
 Yes, Montecroce—against crimes like thine
 There is yet one to raise a voice.
 Rig. [To the Duke, mimicking the voice of Montecroce.]
 I will speak to him. [With mock gravity]

Voi congiuraste contro noi, signore,
E noi, clementi in vero, perdonammo—
Qual vi piglia or delirio—a tutte l'ore
Di vostra figlia reclamar l'onore !
Men. [Guardando Rigoletto con ira sprezzante.]
Novello insulto !—[Al Duca.] Ah, s' a turbare
Sarò vestr' orgie—verrò a gridare,
Fino a che vegga restarmi insulto
Di mia famiglia l' atroce insulto ;
E se al carnefice pur mi darete
Spettro terribile mi rivedrete,
Portante in mano il teschio mio,
Vendetta chiedere al mondo e a Dio.
Duc. Non più, arrestatelo.
Rig. E matto !
Cere. Quai detti !
Men. Oh, siate entrambi voi maledetti.
[Al Duca e Rigoletto.]
Slanciare il cane al leon morente
E vile, o Duca—e tu serpente, [A Rigoletto.]
Tu che d' un padre rida al dolore,
Sii maledetto !
Rig. (Che sento ! orrore !)
[Colpito.]
Tutti meno Rigoletto.
Oh, tu che la festa audace hai turb to,
Da un genio d' inferno qui fosti guidato ;
E vano ogni detto, di qua t' allontana—
Va, tremo, o vegliardo, dell' ira sovrana—
Tu l' hai provocata, più speme non v' è.
Un' ora fatale fu questa per te.
[Monterone parte fra due alabardieri ; tutti gli altri seggono il Duca in altra stanza.]

SCENA II.—L' Estremità più deserta d' una Via Cieca.—
A sinistra, Una casa di discreta apparenza, con una piccola
corte circondata da muro—Nella corte un grosso ed alto albero
ed un sedile di marmo ; nel muro una porta che mette alla
strada ; sopra il muro un terrazzo praticabile, sostenuto da
arcate—La porta del primo piano dà su detto terrazzo, e cui
si ascende per una scala di fronte—A destra, della via è il
muro altissimo del giardino, e un fianco del Palazzo di Ceprano.—E notte.

RIGOLETTO chiuso nel suo mantello. SPARAFUCILE lo segue,
portando sotto il mantello una lunga spada.

Rig. (Quel vecchio maledivami !)
Spa. Signor ?
Rig. Va non ho niente.
Spa. Nè il chiedi—a voi presente
Un uom di spada sta.
Rig. Un ladro ?
Spa. Un uom che libera
Per poco da un rivale,
E voi ne avete—
Rig. Quale ?
Spa. La vostra donna è là.
Rig. (Che sento ?) E quanto spendere
Per un signor dovrei ?
Spa. Prezzo maggior vorrei—
Rig. Com' usasi pagar ?
Spa. Una metà s' anticipa,
Il resto si dà poi—
Rig. (Dimonio !) E come puoi
Tanto sicuro oprar ?
Spa. Soglio in cittade uccidere
Oppure nel mio tetto.
L' uomo di sera aspetto—
Una stoccata, e muor.
Rig. E come in casa ?

Against us you have conspired, signor,
And we, in our clemency, have pardoned you
'Tis madness in all seasons to come here,
Wailing about the honor of your daughter.
Men. Looking scornfully at Rigoletto.]
Despicable buffoon !—[To Duke.] Ah, thus will I
Thy vile orgies ever disturb. In all places
Shall my weeping voice attend you,
While unavenged shall remain
The gross insult on my family inflicted.
And if to the hangman you consign me,
As a spirit will I again visit thee,
Till the vengeance of God and man o'erwhelm thee
Duke. No more of this—arrest him.
Rig. He is mad !
Che. What ravings !
Men. Oh ! on both of ye be my malediction !
[To the Duke and Rigoletto]
Vile is he who hounds the dying lion,
But viler thou, O Duke, and thy serpent there.
Who the anguish of a parent can deride !
A parent's curse be on ye both !
Rig. (What do I hear ! Oh, horror !)
[Greatly agitated]

All except Rigoletto.
Audaciously thou hast this fête disturb'd,
By an infernal spirit hither led.
Vain are thy words—deaf to them our ears.
Go, tremble, old man, at the sovereign anger
Thou hast provoked. No hope for you remains ;
Fatal will this day prove to thee.
[Monterone is marched off between Halbardiers—the others follow the Duke.]

SCENE II.—The Extremity of a Street that has no thoroughfare—On the left a House of retired appearance, within a
court-yard, from which there is a doorway into the street.—In
the court-yard are seen a tall tree and a marble seat—at the
top of the wall, a Terrace, supported by arches, and reached
by a flight of Steps in front.—On the right of the passage
is the highest wall of the garden, and the gable end of the
Palace of Ceprano.—It is Night.

Enter RIGOLETTO, enveloped in a Cloak, followed by SPARAFUCILE, who has a long Sword under his Cloak

Rig. (How fearfully that man cursed me !)
Spa. Signor—
Rig. Go : I have no need of you
Spa. Be that as it may, you have before you
A man who knows how to use a sword
Rig. A robber ?
Spa. No—a man who, for a trifle,
Will from a rival free you ;—
And have you not one ?
Rig. Who is he ?
Spa. Have you not a mistress here ?
Rig. (What do I hear ?) What would I do
To rid me of a signor ?
Spa. More than for a lesser man.
Rig. When must it be paid ?
Spa. One half beforehand,
The other when the deed is done.
Rig. (O, demon !) And how can you
Be sure of success ?
Spa. In the street sometimes they fall,
At other times in my own house ;—
I waylay my man at night—
A single blow, and he is dead.
Rig. And how in your own house ?

RIGOLETTO

Spa. E facile—
M' aiu a mia sorella—
Per le vie danza—è bella—
Chi voglio attira—e allor—
Rig. Comprendo—
Spa. Senza strepito—
E questo il mio stromento. [*Mostra la spada.*]
Vi serve?
Rig. No—al momento—
Spa. Peggio per voi—
Rig. Chi sa?
Spa. Sparafucil mi nomino—
Rig. Siraniero?—
Spa. Borgognone— [*Per andarsene.*]
Rig. E dove all' occasione?—
Spa. Qui sempre a sera
Rig. Va. [*Sparafucil parte.*]
Pari siamo!—Io la lingua, egli ha il pugnale;
L' uomo son io che ride, ei quel che spegne!
Quel vecchio maledivami!
O uomini!—o natura!
Vil scellerato mi faceste voi!
Oh rabbia!—esser difforme!—esser buffone!
Non dover, non poter altro che ridere!
Il retaggio d' ogni uom m' è tolto—il pianto!
Questo padrone mio,
Giovin, giocondo, sì possente, bello,
Sonnecchiando mi dice:
Fa ch' io rida, buffone.
Forzarmi deggio, e farlo! Oh, dannazione!
Odio a voi, cortigiani schernitori!
Quanta in mordervi ho gioia!
Se iniquo so, per cangion vostra e solo—
Ma il altr' uom qui mi cangio!
Quel vecchio malediammi! Tal pensiero
Perchè conturba ognor la mente mia?
Mi coglierà sventura? Ah no, è follia.
[*Aprire con chiave, ed entra nel cortile.*]

Entra GILDA, ch' esce dalla casa e si fitta nelle sue braccia.

Rig. Figlia!
Gil. Mio padre!
Rig. A te dispresso
Trova sol gioia il core oppresso.
Gil. Oh, quanto amore!
Rig. Mia vita sei!
Senza te in terra qual bene avrei? [*Sospira.*]
Gil. Voi sospirate!—che v' ange tanto?
Lo dite a questa povera figlia—
Se v' ha mistero—per lei sia franto—
Ch' ella conosca la sua famiglia.
Rig. Tu non ne hai—
Gil. Qual nome avete?
Rig. A te che importa?
Gil. Se non volete
Di voi parlarmi—
Rig. Non uscir mai. [*Interrompendola.*]
Gil. Non vo che al tempio.
Rig. Or ben tu fai.
Gil. Se non di voi, almen chi sia.
Fate ch' io sappia la madre mia

Spa. All the easier—
I have a sister there who helps.
She dances in the streets—she is handsome—
Those I want she decoys—and then—
Rig. I comprehend.
Spa. There is nothing to fear:
My trusty weapon never betrays me. [*Showing his sword.*]
Can I serve you?
Rig. No: not at present.
Spa. The worse for you.
Rig. Your name?
Spa. Sparafucile is my name.
Rig. A foreigner?
Spa. From Burgundy. [*About to go.*]
Rig. Where are you to be found?
Spa. Hereabouts, every night.
Rig. Go. [*Exit Sparafucile.*]
How like are we!—the tongue my weapon, the dagger his!
To make others laugh is my vocation—his to make them weep!
How that old man cursed me!
O, man!—oh, human nature!
What scoundrels dost thou make of us!
Oh, rage! To be deformed—the buffoon to have to play!
Whether one will or not, to be obliged to laugh!
Tears, the common solace of humanity,
Are to me prohibited!
Youthful, joyous, high-born, handsome,
An imperious master gives the word—
“Amuse me, buffoon,”—and I must obey.
Perdition! How do I not despise ye all,
Ye sycophants—ye hollow courtiers!
If I am deform'd, 'tis ye have made me so;
But a changed man will I now become.
That old man cursed me! Why does that curse
Thus ever haunt my harass'd mind?
What have I to fear? Ah, no, this is mere folly!
[*Opens a door with a key, and enters the gate.*]

Entra GILDA, coming from the house, and throwing herself into her father's arms.

Rig. My daughter!
Gil. My dear father!
Rig. Only when near to thee
Does my oppressed heart know joy.
Gil. Oh, what affection!
Rig. My only life art thou!
What other earthly happiness have I? [*Sighing.*]
Gil. Why do you sigh? What ails you?
Open your mind to your poor daughter.
If any secret you have, to her confide it;
And do about her family inform her.
Rig. Thou has not any.
Gil. What is your real name?
Rig. What matters it to thee?
Gil. If you are not willing
Of our family to speak—
Rig. Do you ever go out? [*Interrupting.*]
Gil. Only when I go to church.
Rig. In that thou dost right.
Gil. If of yourself you will not speak,
At least tell me something of my mother

DEH NON PARLARE—SPEAK NOT OF ONE. AIR. RIGOLETTO.

Deh non par-la-re al mi-se-ro Del suo per-du-to be-ne;
Speak not of one whose loss to thee All earth can boast could ne'er re-store;

El-la sen-tia, quell' an-gi-o, Pie-tà... del-le mie pe-ne;
Her an-gel form me-thinks I see, Who lov'd me, though de-form'd and poor.

So-lo, dif-forme, po-ve-ro, Per com-pas-sion mi a-mò. Ah! mo-ri-a, mo-
Pi-ty, oh! Gil-da; spare me! Ask it, my child, no more. Ah! she died; may

ri-a; le sol-le co-pra-no Lie-vi quel ca-po a-ma-to; So-la or-tu re-sti,
earth rest light-ly on... her; To me she's lost for ev-er. Thou art my on-ly hope,

So-la or-tu res-ti al mi-se-ro; Di-o, sì rin-gra-zia-to, sì rin-gra-zia-to!
Thou art my on-ly hope, my child! Fa-ther of all! oh! bless her with thy mer-cy mild!

G2. Quanto dolor! che spremere
Sì amaro pianto può!
Padre, non più, calmatevi—
Mì lacera tal vista—
Il nome vostro ditemi,
Il duol che sì v'attrista—
Rig. A che nomarmi? è inutile!
Padre sì sono, e basti—
Me forse al mondo temono,
D'alcuno ho forse gli asti;
Altri mi maledicono—
G2. Patria, parenti, amici
Voi dunque non avete?
Rig. Patria! parenti! dici?
Culto, famiglia, patria,
Il mio universo è in te!
G2. Ah! se può lieto rendervi,
Gioia è la vita a me!
Già da tre lune son qui venuta,
Nè la cittade ho ancor veduta;
Se il concedete, tarlo or potrei—
Rig. Mai! mai! uscita, dimmi, unqua sei?
G2. No.
Rig. Guai!
G2. (Che diasi?)
Rig. Ben te ne guarda!
(Potrian seguirla, rapirla ancora!
Qual d'un buffone si disonora
La figlia, e ridesi—Orror! Ohi?)

[Confusions.]

[Verse in cello.]

Entra GIOVANNA, dalla casa.
Gia. Signor?
Rig. Venendo, mi vide alcuno?
Bada, di' il vero—
Gia. Ah no, nessuno.
Rig. Sta ben—la porta che dà al bastione
È sempre chiusa!
Gia. Lo fu e sarà.

G2. Alas! what anguish! such bitter grief
What language can express!
Father, dear father, calm yourself,
Or my heart will surely break.
To me your name pray tell;
The grief that saddens you impart.
Rig. 'Twere useless myself to discover;
Suffice it that thy father I am.
Some in the world there are who fear me,
In others, perhaps, envy I excite;
But one there is who has cur'd me! [Asson.]
G2. Country, family, friends,
Possess you none of them?
Rig. Country, family, friends, say'st thou?
Thou art my country, family, and friends!
The whole universe thou art to me! [Passionately]
G2. Ah! if happier I could render you,
What joy to my heart it would bring!
Three months full it is since hither I came,
And nothing yet have I of the city seen.
With your permission I should like to see it.
Rig. Never! never! Hast thou ever left the house?
G2. No.
Rig. That's well.
G2. (What have I said?)
Rig. I'll take care thou shalt not!
(She might be followed—stolen from me!
To dishonor the daughter of a buffoon
Would here be laughed at. Horror!) Ho, there!
[Turning towards the house]

Entra GIOVANNA, from the house.
Gia. Signor?
Rig. Has any one seen me come hither?
Mind—speak the truth.
Gia. Oh, no—no one.
Rig. That is well. The gate that to the bastion leads—
Is that always closed?
Gia. It is, and shall be.

VEGLIA O DONNA—SAFELY GUARD THIS TENDER BLOSSOM. Duet. RIGOLETTO and GILDA.

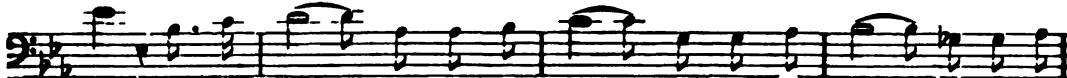
RIGOLETTO



Ve-glia, o don - - na, ques - to fi - - re, Che a te pu - - ro con - fi -
Safe - ly guard.... this ten - der blos - - som, Which to thee..... I now con -



da - i Ve-gli at - ten - ta o non sia mai..... Che s'of - fu schi il suo can -
fide;..... In her guile - less heart and be - - som May no thought.... of ill be -

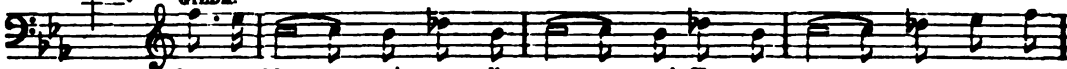


dor. Tu del ven - - ti dal fu - ro - re, Ch'al - tri fi - ri han-no pie -
tids; From the arts..... of vice pre - tect.... her, May its snares be laid in

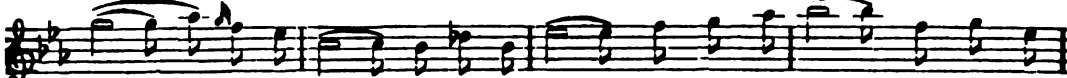


ga - - to, Lo di - fan - di, o imma - ce - la - - te Lo ri - do - - na al ge - ni -
torn; Her father will..... from thee ex - pect.... her Pure re - stor'd.... to him a -

GILDA.



tor. Quan-to af-fet - - tel qua - li ou - - re! Che te - me - - te, pa - dre
gain. Ah! such fear.... for me re - veal - - ing, Fath - er dear,.... why thus dis -



mi - - o? Las-sà in cie - - lo, pres-so Di - - o Ve-glia un an - - giol pro - tet -
- play?..... One from whom.... there's no con - ceal - - ing Guides me ev - - er on my



tor. Da noi sto - gile le sven - ta - - re Di mia ma - - dre il prie - go
way. From on high.... my moth - er's spir - - it Leads me on..... with ten - der



san - - to Non fia mai.... dis - vel-to o fran - - te Ques-to a voi.... di - let - to fior,
care;..... While this heart bears life with - in.... it, 'Twill do fy.... each art - ful snare.

Entra il DUCA, in costume borghese, dalla strada.

Rig. Alcuno è fuori—

[Apra la porta della Corte e, mentre esce a guardar sulla strada, il Duca guizza furtivo nella corte, e si nasconde dietro l'albero; gettando a Giovanni una borsa la fa tacere.]

Gil. Cielo!
Sempre novel sospetto—

Rig. [A Gilda, tornando.]

Vi seguiva alla chiesa ma' nessun: ?

Gil. Mai.

(Rigoletto.)

Rig. Se talor qui piuchiamo

Guardatevi la aprir—

Gil. Remmano al Duca !

The DUKE, in disguise, is seen to arrive in the street.

Rig. There is some one outside.

[Rigoletto comes through the garden-gate, and looks about the street; while doing so, the Duke stealthily glides in, and hides himself behind a tree, throwing a purse to Giovanni.]

Gil. O, Heavens!
He is always suspicious.

Rig. [Returning to Gilda.]

Does any one ever follow you to church ?

Gil. No.

Duke. (Rigoletto.)

Rig. Should any one knock,

On no account admit him.

Gil. Not even the Duke.

Rig. Meno che a tutti a lui. Mia figlia, addio.
Duc. (Sua figlia!)
Gil. Addio, mia padre.
[S' abbracciano, e Rigoletto parte, chiudendosi dietro la porta.]
Gil. [Nella corte.] Giovanna, ho dei rimorsi—
Gio. E perchè mai?
Gil. Tacqui che un giovin ne seguiva al tempio.
Gio. Perchè ciò dirgli?—l' odiate dunque
 Cotesto giovin, vol?
Gil. No, no, chè troppo e spira amore—
Gio. E magnanimo s' è il signore.
Gil. Signor nè principessa io vorrei:
 Sento che povero—più l' amerai.
 Sognando o vigile—sempre lo chiamo,
 E l' alma in estasi—gli dice t' a—
Duc. [Esce improvviso, fa cenno a Giovanna d' andarsene, e
 inginocchiandosi a' piedi di Gilda termina la frase.]
 T' amo!
 T' amo, ripetilo—sì caro accento,
 Un puro schiudimi—ciel di contento!
Gil. Giovanna? Ah, misera! non v' è più alcuno
 Che qui rispondami! Oh Dio! nessuno!
Duc. Son io coll' anima—che ti rispondo—
 Ah, que che s' amano—son tutto un mondo!
Gil. Chi mai, chi giungere—vi fece a me?
Duc. S' angelo o demone—che importa a te?
 Io t' amo—
Gil. Uscitene.
Duc. Uscire! adesso!
 Ora che accendene—un fuoco istesso!
 Ah, inseparabile—d' amore, il dio
 Stringeva, o vergine—tuo fato al mio!

Rig. Above all others keep him out. Daunt or, adieu
Duc. (His daughter!)
Gil. Adieu, dear father.
[They embrace, and Rigoletto departs, closing the door after him.]
Gil. [In the yard.] Giovanna, I am struck with remorse.
Gio. What about, pray.
Gil. I did not tell him of the youth who follows me to church.
Gio. Why should you tell him? Do you hate the youth,
 And would you thus dismiss him?
Gil. No, no! his looks are pleasing to me.
Gio. And he has the appearance of a wealthy signor.
Gil. Neither signor nor wealth do I wish to have;
 The poorer he prove, the more shall I love him.
 Sleeping or waking, my thoughts are all of him,
 And my heart longs to tell him I love—
Duc. [Suddenly coming forward, motioning Giovanna to retire, and kneeling at the feet of Gilda.]
 I love thee!
 The words repeat! Such delicious accents
 Open to me a heaven of enjoyment.
Gil. Giovanna! Alas, no one answers me!
 There's no one here! Oh, heavens, I'm alone!
Duc. No! I am here; and to thee I respond—
 Against all the world I will protect thee!
Gil. Why thus address yourself to me?
Duc. Whate'er your state, to me it matters not—
 I love thee!
Gil. Oh, go away.
Duc. Go away! No, not yet!
 If love's fire within us both be lighted,
 Inseparable we should henceforth be;
 O, maiden bright, thy lot with mine unite!

E IL SOL DELL' ANIMA—LOVE IS THE SUN. AIR. DUC.

E il sol dell' a - ni - ma, la vi - ta è a - mo - re, Sua vo - ce è il pal - pi - to del no - stro
 Love is the sun by which pas - sion is light - ed, Hap - py the mor - tal who feels its

co - re, E fam - a e glo - ria, po - ten - sa e tro - ao U - ma - ne fra - gi - li qui
 pow - er; Each pleasure once pris'd with - out it seems blight ed, With it we heed not what

co - se so - no: U - na pur av - ve - ne, so - la, di - vi - na, E a - mor che a
 fate may show - er. Feel - ing es - ses - sial, no joy ter - res - trial We - ar to

gl'an - ge - li agl' an - ge - li più ne av - vi - ci - na! A - dun - que a - mia - mo - ci, don - na ce - le - sta.
 me can such sweet joys in - part. Ah! May no blight ev - er this heart from thee se - ver;

D' invidia agl' no - mi - ni sa - rò per te, D' in - vi - dia agl' no - mi - ni sa - rò per te.
 But in vey be com, ne'er to de - part, But in vey be - com, nev - er to part.

ah (Ah de' miei vergini—sogni son queste—
Le voci tenere—si care a me!)
Du. Che, m' ami—deh! ripetimi—
Gi. L' udiste.
Duc. Oh, me felice!
Gi. Il nome vostro ditemi;
Saparlo non mi lica!

Entra CEFRANO e BORSA, sulla via.

Cep. Il loco è qui—
Duc. [A Gilda.] Mi nomino—
Bor. [A Ceprano.] Sta ben—
Duc. Gualtier Maldè.
Studente sono, povero.
Gi. Rumor di passi è furore.
Gi. Forse mio padre.
Duc. Ah! cogliere
Potessi il traditore
Che s' mi turba!
Gi. [A Giovanna.] (Adducilo
Di quà al bastione, ite!)
Duc. Di m' amerai tu?
Gi. E voi?
Duc. L' intera vita, poi.
Gi. Non più, non più, partite.
A 2. Addio, speranza ed anima
Sol tu sari per me.
Addio, vivrà immutabile
L' affretto mio per te.
[Partiti Duca scortato da Giovanna—Gilda resta Assando è partito.]
Gi. [Sola.] Gualtier Maldè! nome di lui s' amaro.
Scolpiciti nel core innamorato!

Gi. (Ah! how these words my ears delight!
His tones, how tender—and how pure his love!)
Duke. That you love me—oh, the words repeat—
Gi. You have heard.
Duke. O, joy unlooked-for!
Gi. Your name, now, I pray you tell me;
For I never yet have heard it.

Enter CEFRANO and BORSA, from the street.

Cep. This is the place.
Duke. [To Gilda.] My name is—
Bor. [To Ceprano.] All right.
Duke. Walter Maldè.
I am a student—a poor student.
Gi. I hear footsteps outside.
Gi. Perhaps is my father.
Duke. Ah! could the traitor catch
So these comes to interrupt
Your joy in being with thee!
Gi. [To Giovanna.] (Quickly away!
To the bastion conduct him—go!)
Duke. First say that you love me!
Gi. And you?
Duke. With my whole heart I swear it.
Gi. No more, no more, at once depart.
Both. Farewell, my hope, my soul, farewell;
For thee alone henceforth I'll live;
Farewell! Immutable as Fate
Shall be my love and truth to thee.
[Exit the Duke, escorted by Giovanna, Gilda following his steps with her eyes.]
Gi. [Sola.] Walter Maldè! What a romantic name!
Already is it on my heart engraven!

CARO NOME CHE IL MIO COR—DEAR NAME WITHIN THIS BREAST. AIR. GILDA.

Ca - ro no me che il mie cor Fes - ti pri - mo pal pi tar, Le de
Dear name, with in this breast Thy mem' - ry will re - main; My

li sie dell' a - mor Mi del sem - pre ram - men - tar! Col pen
love, for thee can - not, No pow - er can re - strain. Ah!

sier il mio de - sir A te sem - pre vo - le - rà, E fin l' ul - ti - mo so -
yes, 'tis bliss to own The joy that fills my heart; 'Twill last for thee a -

spir, Ca - ro no - me, tuo sa - rà. Col pen - sier il mio de - sir
long; 'Till death 'twill ne'er de - part! 'Twill last for thee a - lone;

A te sem - pre vo - le - rà..... E fin l' ul - ti - mo....
Ah! 'Till death 'twill ne'er de - part!..... 'Twill last, 'twill last for



[See al terrazzo con una lanterna, che tene entra in casa.]

Entrano MARULLO, CEFRANO, e BORSA, Cortigiani, armati e mascherati, dalla via.

Bar. E la. [Indicando Gilda.
 Cap. Miratela—
 Cere. Oh! quanto è bella!
 Mar. Par fatta od angiol!
 Cere. L' amante è quella
 Di Rigoletto?

Enter RIGOLETTO, concentrated.

Rig. (Riedo! perché?)
 Bar. Silenzio, all' opra, badate a me.
 Rig. (Ah da quel vecchio fui maledetto!)
 Chi è là?
 Bar. [A Cefrano.] Tacete, c' è Rigoletto.
 Cap. Vittoria doppia! L' uccideremo.
 Bar. No: chè domani più rideremo.
 Mar. Or tutto aggrinto.
 Rig. (Chi parla què?)
 Mar. Ehi, Rigoletto?—di?
 Rig. [Con voce terribile.] Chi va là?
 Mar. Eh, non mangiarci—son—
 Chi?
 Mar. Marullo.
 Rig. In tanto bugo lo sguardo è nullo.
 Mar. Qui ne condusse ridevol cosa;
 T'orre a Cefrano vogliam la sposa.
 Rig. (Oimè respiro.) Ma come entrare?
 Mar. [A Cefrano.] La vostra chiave? [A Rigoletto.] Non
 dubitare;
 Non de mancarci lo stratagemma.

[Gli dà chiave avuta da Cefrano.]

Ecco le chiavi.
 Rig. [Palpandole.] Sento il suo stemma.
 (Ah, terror vano fu dunque il mio!) [Respirando.
 N' è là palazzo—con vio son io.
 Mar. Siam mascherati. Ch' io pur mi mas cheri;
 A me una larva?
 S' pronta è già.
 Terrai la scala.

[Gli mette una maschera, e nello stesso tempo lo benda con un fazzoletto, e lo pone a reggere una scala, che avranza appostata al terrazzo.]

Rig. Fitta è la tenebra!
 Mar. La benda cieco e sordo il fa.

[A' Compagni.]

Tutti. Zitti, zitti, moviamo a vendetta,
 Ne sia colto, or che meno l' aspetta
 L' erisore sì audace costante
 A sua volta schermato sarà!
 Cheti, cheti, rubiamgli l' amante,
 E la Corte doman riderà.

[Alcuni salgono al terrazzo, rompon la porta del primo piano, scendono, aprono ad altri ch' entrano dalla strada, e riescono, trascinando Gilda, la quale avrà la bocca chiusa da un fazzoletto. Nel traversare la scena alla porta una scarpa.]

[She ascends the terrace, with a lantern in her hand]

Enter MARULLO, CEFRANO, and BORSA, accompanied by Courtiers, in Masks, and armed

Bar. Look there! [Pointing towards Gilda
 Cap. Ah! there she is—
 Cho. Oh! how beautiful she is!
 Mar. A fairy or an angel!
 Cho. Can that the mistress be
 Of Rigoletto? [They all laugh

Enter RIGOLETTO, absorbed in thought.

Rig. (Laughing! what can it mean?)
 Bar. Silence, to our work; we've no time for laughing.
 Rig. (Ah! how fiercely that old man curs'd me!)
 Who is there?
 Bar. [To his companions.] Be silent, 'tis Rigoletto.
 Cap. A double capture! We can also slay him.
 Bar. No: to-morrow it will make more sport.
 Mar. But now everything is ready.
 Rig. (Who is speaking there?)
 Mar. Is't you, Rigoletto—say.
 Rig. [Considerably agitated.] Who goes there?
 Mar. You will not betray us—I am—
 Who?
 Mar. Marullo.
 Rig. In the dead of night for good you are not here.
 Mar. 'Tis a ridiculous frolic brings us here;
 Cefrano's wife we mean to carry off.
 Rig. (Once more do I breathe.) But how do you enter?
 Mar. [To Cefrano.] Hand here the keys! [To Rigoletto.]
 Doubt us not;
 We are not to be foiled in a stratagem.

[Handing him the keys taken from Cefrano.]

Here are the keys.
 Rig. [Feeling the keys.] I feel that this is his crest.
 (Ah! then all my terrors have been needless!) [He breathes more freely.
 Yonder is his palace—I will go with you.
 Mar. We are all disguised.
 Rig. Then so will I be;
 Give me here a mask.
 Mar. Well, here is one.
 You shall hold the ladder.

[Puts a mask on the face of Rigoletto, fastens it by a handkerchief across his eyes, and places him at a ladder, against the terrace wall, to keep it steady.]

Rig. How very dark it has become!
 Mar. The bandage renders him both blind and deaf.

[To his companions]

All. Silence! silence! while vengeance we seek;
 In his own trap now let him be caught;
 The jester who constantly makes us his sport,
 Shall now, in his turn, our laughter provoke.
 Hush! be quiet! his mistress we'll seize,
 And, to-morrow, at court have our laugh

[Some ascend to the Terrace, force a window, by which they enter, and descend to the door, which they open to others, who enter and drag out Gilda—she has her mouth gagged with a handkerchief—while being dragged across the stage, a scarf falls from her

GR. Soccorso, padre mio—
 Ore Vittoria!
 GR. Alta! [Più lento.
 Rig. Non han finito ancor! qual derisione!
 [Si tocca gli occhi.

Sono bendato!

[Si strappa impetuosamente la benda e la maschera, ed al chiarore d'una lanterna scordata riconosce la scarpa; vede la porta aperta, entra, ne trae Giovanna spaventata; la fissa con ist. pore, si strappa i capelli senza poter gridare; finalmente, dopo molti sforzi, esclama:

Ah!—la Maledizione!

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

ATTO II.

SCENA I.—Salotto nel Palazzo Ducale.—Vi sono due porte laterali, una maggiore nel fondo che si chiude—A' suoi lati pendono i ritratti, in tutta figura, a sinistra, del Duca, a destra della sua sposa—V' ha un seggiolone presso una tavola coperta di velluto, ed altri mobili.

Entra il DUCA, dal mezzo agitato.

Duc. Ella mia fu rapita!
 E quando, o ciel!—ne' brevi istanti, prima
 Che un mio presagio interno
 Sull'orma corsa ancora mi spingesse!
 Schiuso era l'uscio! la magion deserta!
 E dove ora sarà quell'angiol caro!
 Coi che potè prima in questo core
 Destar la fiamma di costanti affetti?
 Coi che sì pura, al cui modesto accento
 Quasi tratto a virtù talor mi credo!
 Ella mi fu rapita!
 E chi l'ardiva!—ma ne avrò vendetta:
 Lo chiede il pianto della mia diletta.

GR. Help! help! Father dear, help!
 Che. Victory!
 GR. Help, help!
 Rig. Is it not yet done? What a capital joke!
 [Putting his hands to his face

Why, my eyes are bandaged!

[He snatches off the bandage and mask, and, by the light of the lantern, recognises the scarf, and sees the door open—he rushes in, and drags out Giovanna, greatly frightened—he fixes his eyes upon her in stupefaction, tears his hair in agony, and, after many ineffectual efforts to speak, exclaims:

Ah! this is the Malediction! [Swoons

END OF ACT I.

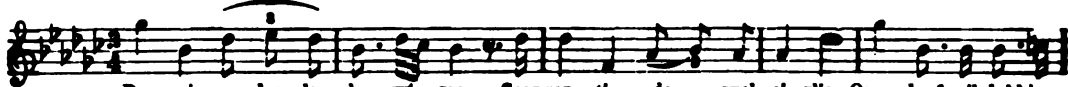
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saloon in the Duke's Palace.—Large Folding-doors in Back-scene, and smaller ones on each side, above which hang portraits of the Duke and the Duchess—A table covered with velvet, handsome chairs, and other appropriate furniture.

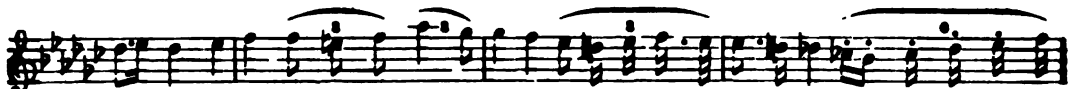
Enter the DUKE, by centre doorway, much agitated.

Duke. She has been stolen from me!
 But how, and by whom? Oh, heavens!
 Thus to lose her at the very moment
 When my passion most demanded her!
 The door was wide open—the house deserted!
 Whither can the dear angel have flown!
 She who first within this wandering heart
 The joys of a true love hath awaken'd—
 She so pure that, by her modest bearing,
 To truthfulness I feel me now inclin'd.
 She has been stolen from me! But, to do it,
 Who has dar'd! On him shall vengeance avenge!
 Grief for my lov'd one vengeance demands!

PARMI VEDER LE LAGRIME—DEAR MAID, EACH TEAR. AIR. DUKE.



Par-mi ve-der-le la-grime Soor-ren-ti da quel ci-glio, Quan-do fra il dubbio e
 Dear maid, each tear of thine that falls, Each sad sigh that be-comes heav-ing Pin-tag with-in some



l'an-sia Del su-bi-to. po-reg-gio, Dell'a-mor no-stro me-mo-re, Dell'a-mor no-stro
 dreary walls, Fills me with grief there's no re-lev-ing. Ah! vainly didst thou cry to me, Ah! vain-ly didst thou



me-mo-re, Il suo Gual-tier chia-mò. Ned ei po-tè a soc-correr-ti,
 cry to me, "Help me, dear Wal-ter, help!" I then, a-las! was far a way,

Ca-ra fan-ciulla a-ma-ta; Ei che vor-ria coll' a-ni-ma Far-ti qua-già be-
No aid could I af-ford thee; Yet, could my life thy woes re-pay, Glad-ly ex-chang'd it

a-ta; Ei che le sfere agl' an-ge-li, Ei che le sfere agl' an-ge-li Per
should be. Not e'en the an-gels' bless'd a-bode Could peace to me re-store, to me re-

te non in-vi-dìò, Ei che le sfe-re; Le sfere agl' an-ge-li Per-te per
store, from thee a-part; Could peace to me re-store: Not e'en the an-gels' bless'd a-

te..... Le sfe-re agl' an-ge-li Per-te..... non in-vi-dìò non in-vi-dìò.
bode Could peace to me re-store, Could peace to me re-store, from thee a-part.

Entrano MARULLO, CEFRANO, BORSA, ed altri Cortigiani.

Enter MARULLO, CEFRANO, BORSA, and other Courtiers.

Fatti. Duca, Duca!
Duc. Ebben?
Fatti. L' amante
Fu rapita a Rigoletto.
Duc. Bella! e d' onde?
Fatti. Dal suo tetto.
L'uc. Ah, ah! dite, come fu?

All. Oh, Duke! oh, Duke!
Duke. What news?
All. From Rigoletto
We have carried off his mistress.
Duke. Capital! Where is she?
All. In your palace.
Duke. Ah, ah! tell me how 'twas done?

SCORRENDO UNITÀ—AS WE WITH GLEE. CHORUS.

Scor-ren-do u-ni-tà re-mo-ta vi-a Brev'o-ra
As we with glee on mis-chief bent last night roo'd, When hush'd in

do-po ca-du-to il dì;... Co-me pre-vi-sto ben s'e-ra in
peace-ful sleep the world seem'd bu-ried, The one we sought we met, a-lone, mis-

pri-a, Ra-ra bel-tà ci si sco-pri, ci si sco-pri. E-ra l'a-
trust-ing, Be-side the house in which we guess'd the bird was cag'd. The charm-ing

man-te di Ei-go-let-to Che vis-ta ap-pe-na, si di-le-
fair was Ei-go-let-to's mis-tress, But she af-fright-ed to her home then

gud. Già di-ra-pir-la s'a-vea il pro-get-to, Quan-do il buf-
ran; The just-er then ap-pear'd, with whom we sport-ed: "Give us thy

some ver-nol span-to, ver-nol span-to; Che di Co-pra-no noi la Com-
aid. Co-pra-no's life to save a-ware!" The 'ree he fall in; oh, sport worth

tes - sa Ra - pir vo - les - si - mo, stol - to, cre - dè; La sca - la
tell - ing! A ban - dage then we plac'd be - fore his eyes; A lad - der

quin - di all' uo - po mes - sa, Ben - da - to, ei stes - so fer - ma te
quick - ly plac'd to the win - dow, We bade him stand by, and firm - ly

nè, La sca - la quin - di ei stes - so ei stes - so fer - ma fer - ma te - nè.
hold. Ah, yes, he firm - ly hold the lad - der; the lad - der firm - ly hold.

Salimmo, e rapida la giovinetta
Ci venne, fatte quinci asportar.
Quand' ei s' accorse della vendetta
Restò scornato ad imprecar.

Duo. (Che sento? — è dessa la mia diletta!
Ah, tutto il cielo non mi rapì!)
Ma dove or trovassi, la poveretta!

[*Al Coro.*

Tutti. Fu da noi stessi addotta or qui.

In haste we mounted, and searched the chambers,
And with the lady away we sped;
But when he'd found out the trick we'd played him,
He rav'd for vengeance upon our heads.

Duo. (What do I hear? Of my own charmer they are
speaking!

I have yet a chance of regaining her.)
But where is the poor creature to be found?

All. All proper care we have taken of her. [*To the Chorus*

POSSENTE AMOR—TO HER I LOVE. AIR. DUO.

Pos - sen - te a - mor mi chia - ma, Vo - lar lo deg - gio a le - i; Il
To her I love with rap - ture, I must with speed a - way; All

ser - to mio da - rei..... Per..... con - so - lar quel cor. Il
thought of her base cap - ture I'll gent - ly soothe a - way; All

ser - to mio da - rei..... Per con - so - lar quel cor. Ah!
thought of her base cap - ture I'll gent - ly soothe a way. From

sap - pi al - fin chi l'a - ma Co - no - sca al - fin chi so - no, Ap - pren - da ch'an - co in
her my name and sta - tion I can - not now con - ceal, Yet, far from ob - ser -

tro - no Ha deg - li schia - vi A - mor; Ap - pren - da ch'an - co in
us - tion, I may my love re - veal; I may my love for her re -

tro - no ch'an - co in tro - no Ha deg - li schia - vi, Ha deg - li schia - vi A - mor.
veal I may my love, my love to her reveal. For her my love I may re - veal.

[*Ecco fratello del mezzo.*

[*Era, tenore.*

Tutti. (Quale pensiero o' l' agita
Come congò d' umor !)

Mar. Povero Rigoletto !—

Cav. Ei vien—silenziò.

Entra RIGOLETTO.

Tutti. Buon giorno, Rigoletto—

Rig. (Han tutti fatto il colpo !)

Cap. Ch' hai di nuovo,

Buffon ?

Rig. Che dell' usato

Più noioso voi siete.

Tutti. Ah ! ah ! ah !

Rig. (Dove l' avran nascosta ?)

[*Spicando inquieto dovunque.*

Tutti. (Guardate com' è inquieto !)

Rig. Son felice

Che nulla a voi nuocesse

L' aria di questa notte.

Mar. Questa notte !

Rig. Sì—Ah ! fu il bel colpo !

Mar. S' ho dormito sempre !

Rig. Ah ! voi dormiste ! avrò dunque sognato !

[*S' allontana, e vendendo un fazzoletto sopra una tavola, ne osserva inquieto la cifra.*

Tutti. (Ve' come tutto osserva !)

Rig. (Non è il suo.) [*Gettandole.*

Dorme il Duca tuttor ?

Tutti. Sì, dorme ancora

Entra un Paggio della Duchessa.

Pagg. Al suo sposo parlar vuol la Duchessa.

Cap. Dorme.

Pagg. Qui or or con voi non era ?

Bar. E a caccia.

Pagg. Senza paggi ! sens' armi !

Tutti. E non capisci

Che vedere per ora non può alcuno !

Rig. [*Che a parte è stato attentissimo al dialogo, balzando improvviso tra loro prorompe.*

Ah, all' è qui dunque ! Ell' è col Duca !

Tutti. Chi ?

Rig. La giovin che stanotte

A mio tetto rapisti—

Tutti. Tu deliri !

Rig. Ma la saprò riprender—Ella è qui.

Tutti. Se l' amante perdesti, la ricerca

Altrove.

Rig. Io vo' mia figlia !

Tutti. La sua figlia !

Rig. Sì, la mia figlia—D' unta tal vittoria—

Che ? adesso non ridete ?

Ella è là, la vogl' io, la renderete.

[*Corre verso la porta di mezzo, ma i Cortigiani gli attraversano il passaggio.*

Cortigiani, vil razza dannata,

Per qual prezzo vendeste il mio bene !

A voi nulla per l' oro sconviene,

Ma mia figlia è impagabil tesor.

La rendete—o se pur disarmata

Questa man per voi fora cruenta ;

Nulla in terra più l' uomo paventa.

Se dei figli difende l' onor.

Quella porta, assassina, m' aprite :

[*Si getta ancor sulla porta che gli è nuovamente chiusa dai Gentiluomini ; lotta alquanto, poi torna spensato sul davanti del teatro.*

Ah ! voi tutti a me contro venite !

Ebben piango—Marullo—signore.

[*Plange*

All. (What new thought now has seized him—
A sudden change has just come o'er him.)

Mar. Unlucky Rigoletto !—

Cho. Here he comes—be silent, all

Enter RIGOLETTO.

All. Good morning to you, Rigoletto.

Rig. (They are all of them in the plot.)

Cap. What news do you bring

Buffon ?

Rig. More than ever

Are you wearisome to me.

All. Ah ! ah ! ah !

Rig. (Whither can they have carried her ?)

[*Looking about anxiously*

All. (See how uneasy he appears !)

Rig. [Sardonically.] Happy I am

To see that no hurt you have taken

From the cold air of last night.

Mar. Last night, said you ?

Rig. Yes—Ah ! 'twas a capital trick.

Mar. I was asleep, all night.

Rig. Oh ! you were asleep ! then I have been dreaming !

[*He is about to go, when, seeing a handkerchief on the table, he anxiously examines the cipher on it.*

All. (See how everything he scrutinizes !)

Rig. (It is not her's.) [*Throwing it down*

Is the Duke still sleeping !

All. Yes, he is still sleeping !

Enter a Page of the Duchess.

Pagg. The Duchess desires to speak to her lord.

Cap. He sleeps.

Pagg. Was he not here but lately ?

Bar. He has gone hunting.

Pagg. Without his suite ! without arms !

All. Canst thou not understand,

That for a short time he cannot be seen ?

Rig. [*Who has been anxiously listening, suddenly rushes amongst them, and exclaims—*

Ah ! she is here, then. She is with the Duke !

All. Who ?

Rig. The maiden whom last night

From my house you forced away.

All. You must be mad.

Rig. But I will have her back—she must be here.

All. If your mistress you have lost, elsewhere

Seek for her.

Rig. I will have back my daughter !

All. His daughter, says he.

Rig. Yes, she is my daughter ; you will not now

O'er such a victory exult.

She is here, I will have her, give her back to me !

[*He rushes towards the door in the centre, but the Courtiers bar his progress.*

Minions, sycophants, panders, thieves,

At what price have you my daughter sold ?

Your sordid souls no crime intimidates,

But priceless is a daughter to her father.

Restore her, or, though unarmed I am,

Fearfully shall this hand assail ye ;

Naught on earth can a father dismay,

When the honor of his child he doth defend

Assassina, open that door, and let me pass.

[*He again attempts to pass the door, but is restrained by the Courtiers ; he struggles with them for a while and then sinks exhausted to the ground.*

Ah ! come ye thus all against me !

Well, see I weep ! Marullo—Signor.

[*Weeping*

Tu ch' hai l' alma gentil come il core
 Dimmi or tu, dove l' hanno nascosta?
 E là? E vero? tu taci? perchè?
 Miei signori—Perdono, pietate;
 Al vegliardo la figlia ridate;
 Ridornarla a' di nulla ora costa;
 Tutto il mondo è tal figlia per me.

Entra GILDA, ch' esce dalla stanza a sinistra, e si getta nelle paterni braccia.

Gi. Mio padre!

Rig. Dio! mia Gilda!
 Signori, in essa è tutta
 La mia famiglia. Non temer più nulla,
 Angelo mio—fu scherzo non è vero?
[Al Cortigiano.]
 Io che pur piansi or rido—E tu a che piangi?

Gi. Il ratto—l'onta, o padre!

Rig. Ciel! che dici?

Gi. Arrossir voglio innanzi a voi soltanto

Rig. *[Trivoltto ai Cortigiani, con impetuoso modo.]*

Ita di qua, voi tutti—
 Se il Duca vostro d' appressarsi osasse,
 Che non entri gli dite, e ch' io ci sono.

[Si abbandona sul seggiolone.]

Tutti. (Co' fanciulli e coi dementi *Tra loro*
 Spesso giova il simular.

Partiam pur, ma quel ch' ei tenta
 Non lasciamo d' osservar.)

[Escon dal mezzo e chiudon la porta.]

Rig. Parla—siam soli.

Gi. (Ciel, dammi coraggio!)

Tutte le feste al tempio
 Mentre pregava Iddio,
 Bello e fatale un giovane
 S' offerse al guardo mio—
 Se i labbri nostri tacquero,
 Dagli occhi il cor parlò.
 Furtivo fra le tenebre
 Sol iera a me giungeva;
 Sono studente, povero,
 Commosso mi diceva,
 E con ardente palpito
 Amor mi protestò.

Parti—il mio core aprivasi
 A speme più gradita,
 Quando improvvisi apparvero
 Color che m' han rapita,
 E a forza qui m' addussero
 Nell' ansia più crudel.

Rig. Non dir; non più, mio angelo

(T' intendo, avverso ciel!

Solo per me l' infamia

A te chiedeva, o Dio!

Ch' ella potesse ascendere

Quanto caduto er' io;

Ah! presso del patibolo

Bisogna ben l' altare!

Ma tutto ora scompare;

L' altar si rovesciò!)

Piangi, fanciulla, e scorrere

Fa il pianto sul mio cor

Gi. Padre, in voi parla un angelo

Per me consolator.

Rig. Compiuto par quanto a fare mi resta,

Lasciare potremo quest' aura funesta.

Gi. Sì.

Rig. (E tutto un sol giorno cangiare potè!)

In heart and mien thou seemest gentle,—
 Tell me where they have my daughter hidden!
 Is she here? Tell me truly! Silent! Why?
 O, my Lords, I pray you to have pity on me—
 To an old man give back his daughter!
 To restore her will you nothing cost,
 While to me my child is all the world.

Enter GILDA, through the doorway on the left. She rushes into the arms of her father

Gi. Oh, my father!

Rig. Oh, God! my own Gilda!

Signors, in her you behold

My whole family.—Have no further fear,

My angel child! It was a joke—was it not so?

[To the Courtiers]

I wept, but now I laugh. Yet thou—why weepest thou?

Gi. For shame, father! I have been maltreated!

Rig. Heaven! what say'st thou?

Gi. What I have to say no one else must hear.

Rig. *[Turning towards the Courtiers, imperatively.]*

Away, away! all of ye!

And if your Duke should hither dare approach,

Tell him not to enter—for I am here.

[Falling into a chair]

Al. (With children and madmen

It is sometimes well to simulate;

Therefore will we depart; but what he does

We will not fail unseen to watch.)

[Exeunt through doorway in front, closing it after them]

Rig. Now speak—we are alone.

Gi. (Heaven, now grant me courage—

Whene'er to church I went,

There my prayers to say,

A youth of handsome mien

Before me always stood.

Although our lips were silent,

Our hearts discours'd through our eyes

Stealthily, in night's darkness,

While alone, he came to me

"A student poor am I,"

Plaintively he said to me,

And with ardent sighings

His love for me protested.

Then he left me; and my heart

To hope's bright visions open'd,

When men ferocious and unlook'd-for

Tore me from our home away,

And hither forcibly brought me,

To my ruin and dismay.

Rig. Stop—say no more, my angel—

(I know all! Avenging Heaven,

Upon my head falls the infamy

I have of thee invoked!) O God!

That she might be exalted,

How miserably have I fallen!

Ah! often near the altar

The scaffold should be rear'd,

But now all is out of order,

And e'en the altar desecrated.

Weep, my child, and let thy tears

Within thy father's bosom fall.

Gi. Father, like an angel you speak to me

These words of consolation.

Rig. What must be done I will quickly dispose of,

And then for ever will we quit this fatal place

Gi. Yes!

Rig. How changed in one short day may be our destiny!

Entra un Usciere ed il CONTE DI MONTERONE, che dalla destra attraversa il fondo della sala fra gli alabardieri.

Usc. Schiudete—ire al carcere Castiglion dee.

[*Alle Guardie.*]

Mon. Poichè fosti invano da me maledetto,

[*Fermandosi verso il ritratto.*]

Nè un fulmine o un ferro colpiva il tuo petto,

Felice per anco, o Duca, vivrai—

[*Esce fra le guardie dal mezzo.*]

Rig. No, vecchio, t' inganni—un vindice avrai.

Sì, vendetta, tremenda vendetta

Di quest' anima è solo desio—

Di punirti già—l' ora s' affretta,

Che faule per te tuonerà.

Come fulmin scagliato da Dio

Il buffone colpirti saprà.

Gil. O, mio padre, qual gioja feroce,

Balenarvi negli occhi vegg' io!

Perdonate—e noi pure una voce

Di perdono dal cielo verrà.

(Mi tradiva, pur l' amo, gran Dio,

Per l' ingrato ti chiedo pietà!)

[*Escon dal mezzo.*]

FINE DELL' ATTO SECONDO.

ATTO III.

SCENA I.—Deserta sponda del Mincio—A sinistra è una casa in due piani, mezzo diroccata, la cui fronte, volta allo spettatore, lascia vedere per una grande arcata l' interno d' una rustica osteria; il muro poi n' è sì pien di fessure, che dal di fuori si può facilmente scorgere quanto avviene nell' interno—Al di là del fiume è Mantova—E notte.

GILDA e RIGOLETTO inquieti, sono sulla strada—SPARAFUCILE nell' interno dell' osteria, seduto presso una tavola sta ripulendo il suo cinturone, senza nulla intendere di quanto accade al di fuori.

Rig. E l' ami?

Gil. Sempre.

Rig. Pure

Tempo a guarirne t' ho lasciato.

Gil. Io l' amo.

Rig. Povero cor di donna! Ah, il vile infame!

Ma avrai vendetta, o Gilda—

Gil. Pietà, mio padre—

Rig. E se tu certa fossi

Ch' ei ti tradisse, l' ameresti ancora?

Gil. Nol so, ma pur m' adora.

Rig. Egli!

Gil. Sì.

Rig. Ebbene, osserva dunque.

[*La conduce presso una delle fessure del muro, ed alla vi guarda.*]

Gil. Un uomo.

Rig. Vedo.

Rig. Per poco attendi.

Entra il DUCA, in abito di semplice ufficiale di Cavalleria, nella sala terrena per un'aperta a sinistra.

Gil. Ah, padre mio! [*Trasalendo.*]

Duc. Das cosa è v-to— [*A Sparafucile.*]

Gil. Quali?

Enter a Herald and the COUNT MONTERONE, who is marches across the back of the stage, between Guards.

Herald. Make way; he is ordered to the prison of Castiglion.

[*To the Guards*]

Mon. Since in vain thou hast by me been cur'd,

[*Stepping before the portrait*]

The wrath of neither heaven nor earth can reach thee

And happy wilt thou yet live, O Duke!

[*Exit, between the Guards*]

Rig. No, old man, not so—thou shalt be aveng'd!

Yes! vengeance, dire vengeance, awaits thee!

The one hope of my soul is thee to punish!

And the hour of retribution is nigh

That to thee shall prove fatal.

Like thunder from the heavens hurl'd,

Shall fall the blow of the despis'd buffoon.

Gil. O, father dear, what joy ferocious

I see your flashing eyes light up!

Ah! pardon him, as we ourselves

The pardon of heaven hope to gain.

(I dare not say how much I love him,

And pity him who none for me hath shown!)

[*Exeunt, through centre door*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A desolate place on the Banks of the Mincio—On the right, with its front to the audience, a House, two stories high, in a very dilapidated state, which is nevertheless used as an Inn—The doors and walls are so full of crevices, that whatever is going on within can be seen from without—In front, the Road and the River—In the distance, the City of Mantua. It is Night.

GILDA and RIGOLETTO discovered, in apparent altercation—SPARAFUCILE seen in the house, cleaning his belt, unconscious of what is going on outside.

Rig. Yet you love him?

Gil. I cannot help it.

Rig. Surely

This madness ere now you should have conquer'd

Gil. Yet I love him!

Rig. How weak is the heart of woman!

Her vile seducer she'd forgive—

But aveng'd thou shalt be, my Gilda.

Gil. Have pity on him, dear father!

Rig. If of his treachery I convince you

Will you then from your heart discard him?

Gil. I do not know;—but he to me is true.

Rig. He!

Gil. Yes.

Rig. Well, then, this way come, and see.

[*He conducts her to one of the crevices in the wall, and motions her to look through.*]

Gil. A man, surely,

Rig. I see!

Wait a little longer.

Enter the DUKE, dressed as a Private Soldier, through a door on the left, opening into the ground-floor room.

Gil. Ah, my father! [*Surprised*]

Duc. Two things I want, and quickly. [*To Sparafucile*]

Spar. What are they?

Duc. Una stanza e del vine—
Rig. (Son questi i suoi costumi !
Spa. (Oh, il bel serbino !)

(Oh, il bel serbino !)
[Parte nella vicina stanza.]

Duke. A room and some wine.

Rig. (His usual custom, no doubt.)

Spa. (Oh ! the fine gentleman !)
[Goes off into an adjoining room]

LA DONNA E MOBILE—HOW FICKLE WOMEN ARE. AIR. DUKE.

La don-na è mo-bi-le Qual pia-ma al ven-to, Mu-ta d'ac-cen-to;
How fe-kle wo-men are, Fleet-ing as fall-ing star, Chang-ing for ev-er;
E di pen-sie-ro. Sem-pre un'a-ma-bi-le Leg-gia-dro vi-se
Con-stant, ah! nev-er; Like feath-ers fly-ing, On the wind his-ing—
In pian-to o in ri-so, E men-so-gne-ro. La don-na è mo-bile
Ev-er in mo-tion, Like waves of o-cean. Yet there's no feel-ing—
Qual pia-ma al ven-to, Mu-ta d'ac-cen-to.... e.... di pen-sier—
Love's pleas-ure steal-ing,— Like that of seal-ing Their lips with a kiss—
e di pen-sier! e..... di pen-sier!
Their lips with a kiss! Their..... lips with a kiss!

Mentre SPARAFUCILE, con una bottiglia di vino e due bicchieri, che depone sulla tavola, quindi batte col pomo della sua lunga spada due colpi al soffitto—A quel segnale, una ridente Giovane, in costume di Zingara, scende e salta la scala—Il Duca corre per abbracciarla, ma ella gli sfugge—Frat-tante Sparafucile, uscito sulla via, dice a parte a Rigoletto:

E là il vostr' uomo—viver dee o morire?

Rig. Più tardi tornerò l'opra a compire.

[Sparafucile si allontana dietro la casa lungo il fiume—Gilda e Rigoletto sulla via.

Duc. Un dì, se ben rammentomi,
O, bella, t' incontrai,
Mi piacque di te chiedere,
E intesi che qu' stai.
Or sappi, che d' allora
Sai te quest' alma adora.

Mad. Ah, ah!—e vent' altre appresso
Le scorda forse adesso?
(Ha un' aria il signorino
Da vero libertino.)

Duc. Sì; un mostro son!

[Per abbracciarla.

Mad. Lasciatemi,
Stordito.

Duc. Ih! che fracasso!

Mad. Stia saggio.

Duc. E tu sii docile,
Non farmi tanto chiasso.
Ogni saggezza chiudesi
Nel guadio e nell' amore.
La bella mano candida!

[La prende la mano

Mad. Scherzate voi, signore.

Duc. No, no.

Mad. Son brutta.

Duc. Abbracciammi.

Re-enter SPARAFUCILE, with a bottle of wine and two glasses, which he places on the table, and then twice strikes the ceiling with the hilt of his sword—At this signal, MADDELENA, a smiling lass, in Gipsy costume, descends by a ladder—The Duke approaches to embrace her, but she repulses him—Meanwhile Sparafucile goes out into the road, and says to Rigoletto:

Your man is there! Is he to live or die?

Rig. Wait awhile; and then my pleasure you shall learn.

[Sparafucile goes off between the house and river, Gilda and Rigoletto remaining in the road.

Duke. One day, if I remember rightly,
Oh, beauty bright, I thee encounter'd,
And ever since I've sought thee out,
Till here at last I've found thee;
Ah! now believe me, while I swear,
That henceforth this heart will thee adore.

Mad. Ah, ah! and since then twenty others
Are by you quite as much remember'd,
(To give the gentleman his due, though,
He has a cavalier-like bearing.)

Duke. Yes; a bad one I am!

[Attempts to kiss her

Mad. Leave me alone,

Stupid, do.

Duke. Eh! what a fuss!

Mad. Be quiet, will you.

Duke. If you'll be gentle,
And not make so much resistance.
When the joys of love await us,
Virtue need not be so prudish
How beautiful and white your hand is!

[Taking her hand

Mad. You're pleased to joke me, signor.

Duke. No, no.

Mad. I know I'm ugly.

Duke. Embrace me

Mad. Ehro. D' amore ardente.
Dec. Signor, l' indifferente.
Mad. Signor, l' indifferente,
 Vi piace canzonar?
Dec. No, no—ti vo' sposar.
Mad. Ne voglio la parola.
Dec. Amabile figliuola!
Rig. Ebben?—di basta ancor?
[A Gilda, che avrà tutto osservato ed inteso.]
Gil. Iniquo traditor!
Dec. Bella figlia dell' amore,
 Schiavo son de' venni tuoi;
 Con un detto sol tu puoi
 Le mie pene consolar.
 Vieni, e senti del mio core
 Il frequente palpar.
Mad. Ah! ah! rido ben di core,
 Chè tai bene costan poco;
 Quanto valga il vostro giuoco,
 Mel credete, so apprezzar.
 Sono avvezzo, bel signore,
 Ad un simile scherzar.
Gil. Ah! così parlar d' amore
 A me pur l' infame ho udito!
 Infelice cor tradito,
 Per angoscia non scoppiar.
 Perché o credulo mio core,
 Un tal uom dovevi amar!
Rig. Taci, il piangere non vale;
 Ch' ei mentiva or sei sicura—
 Taci, e mia sarà la cura
 La vendetta, d' affrettar.
 Pronta fia, sarà fatale;
 Io saprò fulminar.
 M' odi, ritorna a casa—
 Oro prendi, un destriero,
 Una veste viril che t' apprestai,
 E per Verona parti—
 Sarrovvi io pur domani—
 Or partite.
Gil. Impossibil.
Rig. Tremo. Va. *[Gilda parte.]*
[Rigoletto va dietro la casa, e ritorna parlando con SPARAFUCILE e contandogli della moneta. Durante questa scena e la seguente in Duca e Maddalena stanno fra loro parlando, ridendo, bevendo.]
Rig. Venti scudi hai tu detto? Ecco ne dieci;
 E dopo l' opera il resto.
 Ei quì rimane?
Spa. Sì.
Rig. Alla mezzanotte
 Ritornèrò.
Spa. Non cale,
 A gettarlo nel fiume basto io solo.
Rig. No, no,—il vo' far io stesso.
Spa. Sia—il suo nome?
Rig. Vuoi saper anco il mio?
 Egli è *Delitto*, *Punizion* son io.
[Parte—Il cielo ci oscura e tuona.]
Spa. La tempesta è vicina.
 Più scura fia la notte.
Dec. Maddalena!
Mad. Aspettate—mio fratello viene.
Dec. Che importa?
Mad. Tuona.

Entra SPARAFUCILE.

Spa. E pioverà tra poco.
Dec. Tanto meglio.
 Io qui mi tratterrò—tu dormirai
 In scuderia—all' inferno—ove vorrai.

Mad. Thou'rt drunk!
Duke. With love of thee I may be. *[Long hang]*
Mad. Signor, these words unmeaning
 Why to me address?
Duke. No, no—I will marry you.
Mad. Your word of honor, then, give me.
Duke. Most lovely of your sex art thou! *[Transcending]*
Rig. Well! have you now heard enough?
[To Gilda, who has seen and heard all that has passed]
Gil. Oh! the wicked traitor!
Duke. Ah! of Venus the fairest daughter,
 The slave of your charms here behold;
 One word from thy beautiful lips
 My suffering alone can assuage;
 Come, and my fond heart relieve
 Of its anxious palpitations.
Mad. Ah, ah! with all my heart I laugh
 At stories which so little cost;
 Your jokes I prize, you may believe me,
 At just as much as they are worth.
 Accustomed am I, my gallant signor,
 To badinage as good as this.
Gil. Ah! thus to me of love he spake,
 Thus the wretch hath me betrayed;
 Unhappy me!—forlorn, deserted,
 With anguish how my heart doth ache!
 Oh! what a weak credulity
 In such a libertine to trust!
Rig. Be silent;—now to grieve is useless:
 That he deceiv'd thee thus thou see'st;
 Be silent, and on me depend
 Vengeance eternal to insure;
 Prompt as dreadful shall it be—
 Like thunder on his head 'twill fall!
 Hear me;—at once to the house return,
 What gold you may require there obtain,
 A horse provide, and the apparel of a youth;
 Then to Verona hasten,
 Where to-morrow I will join thee.
 Come now with me.
Gil. Impossible.
Rig. I tremble.
Gil. Go. *[Exit Gilda.]*
[Rigoletto goes behind the house, and returns in conversation with SPARAFUCILE—During the scene between them, the Duke and Maddalena remain seated in the Inn, talking, laughing, and drinking.]
Rig. Twenty crown-pieces, say you?—Here are ten;
 When the deed is done, ten more you shall have.
 Is he still here?
Spa. Yes.
Rig. At the hour of midnight
 I shall return.
Spa. You need not hurry.
 Alone into the river I can cast him.
Rig. No, no,—I wish to throw him in myself.
Spa. Well, so let it be. But what is his name?
Rig. Perhaps of both you'd like to know the names?
 His name is *Crime*, and mine is *Punishment*.
[Exit—the darkness increases, distant thunder heard]
Spa. A storm in the distance is arising;
 Darker the night is becoming.
Duke. Maddalena! *[Attempting to take hold of her]*
Mad. Desist—my brother comes. *[Repelling him]*
Duke. Well! what matters his coming?
Mad. It thunders.

Entra SPARAFUCILE.

Spa. And rain is coming.
Duke. So much the better;
 I will lodge here—in the stable you may sleep—
 Or in the regions below—or where you please.

Spa. Grazie.
Mad. (Ah, no—partita.) [*Piano al Duca*]
Duc. (Con tal tempo!) [*A Maddalena.*]
Spa. Son venti scudi d'ore. [*Piano a Maddalena.*]
 Ben felice. [*Al Duca.*]
 D'offrirvi la mia stanza—se a voi piace
 Tosto a vederla andiamo.
 [*Prende una lume, e s' avvia per la scala.*]
Duc. Ebben sono con te—presto, vediamo.
Dico una parola all' orecchio di Maddalena e segue Sparafucile.
Mad. (Povero giovin!—grazioso tanto!
 Dio!—qual mai notte è questa!) [*Thums.*]
Duc. [*Vedendone il balcone senza imposte.*]
 Si dorme all' aria aperta? bene, bene—
 Buona notte.
Spa. Signor, vi guardi Iddio.
Duc. Breve sonno dormiam—stanco son io.
 [*Depone il cappello, la spada, e si stende, sul letto, dove in
 breve addormentasi—Maddalena frattanto siede presso
 la tavola—Sparafucile beve dalla bottiglia lasciata
 dal Duca—Rimangono ambidue taciturni per qualche
 istante, e preoccupati da gravi pensieri.*]
Mad. E amabile invero cotal giovinotto.
Spa. Oh sì!—venti scudi ne dà di prodotto.
Mad. Sol venti!—son pochi—valeva di più.
Rig. La spada, s' ei dorme, va, portami già
Mad. [*Salì, e contemplando il dormiente.*]
 Peccato! è pur bello!
 [*Prende la spada del Duca, e scende.*]

*Entra GILDA, che comparisce nel fondo della via in costume
 virile, con stivali e speroni, e lentamente si avvanza verso l'
 esteria, mentre Sparafucile continua a bere. Spessi lampi e
 tuoni.*

Gil. Ah, più non ragiono!
 Amor mi trascina!—mio padre, perdono!
 [*Thums.*]
 Qual notte d' orrore! Gran Dio che accadrà.
Mad. Fratello! [*Sarà discesa, ed avrà posata la spada del
 Duca sulla tavola.*]
Gil. Chi parla?
Spa. Al diavol ten va. [*Osserva pella finestra.*]
 [*Frugando in un credenzere.*]
Mad. Somiglia un Apollo quel giovine—io l' amo—
 Ei m' ama—riposi—nè più l' uccidiamo.
Gil. Oh, cielo!
Spa. Rattoppa quel sacco—
Mad. Perché?
Spa. Entr' esso il tuo Apollo, sgossato da me,
 Gettar dovrò al fiume.
Gil. L' inferno qui vedo!
Mad. Eppure il danaro salvarti scommetto,
 Serbandolo in vita.
Spa. Difficile il credo.
Mad. M' ascolta—anzi facil ti svelo un progetto.
 De' scudi, già dieci dal gobbo ne avesti;
 Venire cogli altri più tardi il vedrai—
 Uccidilo, e venti allora ne avrai,
 Così tutto il prezzo goder si potrà.
Spa. Uccider quel gobbo!—che diavol dicesti!
 Un ladro son forse? Son forse un bandito?
 Qual altro cliente da me fu tradito?
 Mi paga quest' uomo—fedele m' avrà.
Gil. Che sento! mio padre!
Mad. Ah, grazia per esso.
Spa. E d' uopo ch' ei muota—
Mad. Fuggire il fo adesso.
 [*Va per Salva.*]

Gil. Oh, buona figliuola!

Spa. Thank you.
Mad. (Ah, no—depart.) [*Aside to the Duke*]
Duc. In such weather as this? [*To Maddalena*]
Spa. Twenty crowns of gold, remember. [*To Mad*]
 Signor,
 To offer you my room I shall be happy:
 At once I'll show you to it, if you please.
 [*He takes a light, and goes towards the staircase*]
Duc. With all my heart—be quick, let me see it.
 [*Whispers to Maddalena, and follows Sparafucile*]
Mad. (Poor young man! so much, too, the gentleman!
 O, God!—what a fearful night is coming!) [*Thunder*]
Duc. [*Observing that the window has no shutters.*]
 If here you sleep, plenty of air you get.
 Well, good night!
Spa. May God protect you, signor.
Duc. Quickly I shall be asleep, so weary am I.
 [*He lays down his hat and sword, throws himself on the
 bed, and in a short time falls asleep—Maddalena, be-
 low, stands by the table—Sparafucile finishes the con-
 tents of the bottle left by the Duke—Both remain
 silent for awhile, and apparently in deep thought.*]
Mad. What pleasing manners the young man has!
Spa. Oh, truly; but twenty crowns I'm to have.
Mad. Only twenty! too little! much more he's worth!
Spa. Go—and, if he sleeps, his sword bring hither.
Mad. [*Ascending, and contemplating him while sleeping.*]
 It is a sin to kill so nice a youth!
 [*She takes up the Duke's sword, and begins to descend.*]

*Enter GILDA, approaching by the passage, in the attire of a
 youth, with whip and spurs; she advances slowly towards
 the house; Sparafucile continues drinking. It lightens and
 thunders.*

Gil. Ah! my reason seems quite to desert me!
 Love overcomes me! Oh, father, pardon!
 [*Thunder*]
 What a night of horrors! How will it end?
Mad. Brother! [*Having descended, she deposits the Duke's
 sword on the table.*]
Gil. Who speaks?
Spa. To the devil be gone!
 [*Seeking something in a cupboard*]
Mad. Handsome as an Apollo is this youth—
 I love him—he loves me—so slay him not.
Gil. Oh, heavens!
Spa. Mend the holes in that sack.
Mad. Why?
Spa. Thy beautiful Apollo I must kill,
 And into the river cast.
Gil. O, hellhound!
Mad. The promis'd money you may yet obtain
 And spare his life.
Spa. I think that difficult.
Mad. Listen, and hear how easy my project.
 Ten crowns already from the hunchback
 Thou hast received. In a little time
 Hither with the other ten he will come;
 Kill him, and then the twenty thou wilt have.
Spa. Kill the hunchback! What dost thou suggest?
 For a thief, or a swindler, do you take me?
 Did I ever a client betray? No!
 The man who pays me faithful ever finds me!
 What do I hear? My father!
Gil. Ah, mercy on him!
Spa. He must die!
Mad. I'll give him a hint to fly.
 [*About to go*]
Gil. Oh, kind-hearted woman!

Spa. GH scadi perdiamo.
 Mad. E ver!
 Spa. Lascia fare—
 Mad. Salvarlo dobbiamo.
 Spa. Se pria ch' abbia il mezzo la notte toccato
 Alcuno qui giunga, per esso morrà.
 Mad. E buia la notte, il ciel troppo irato,
 Nessuno a quest' ora di qui passerà.
 Gil. Oh, qual tentazione! morir per l' ingrato!
 Morire! e mio padre! Oh, cielo pietà!

[Battono le undici e mezzo.
 Spa. Ancor c' è mess' ora.
 Mad. Attendi, fratello. [Piangendo.
 Gil. Che! piange tal donna! Nè a lui darò a'ta!
 Ah, s' egli al mio amore divenne rubello
 Io vo' per la sua gettar la mia vita.

[Picchia alla porta.
 Mad. Sì picchia!
 Spa. Fu il vento—
 Mad. Si picchia, ti dico.
 Spa. E strano!
 Gil. Chi è?
 Mad. Pietà d' un mendico;
 Asil per la notte a lui concedete.
 Mad. Fia lunga tal notte!
 Spa. Alquanto attendete.

[Va a cercare nel credenzale.
 Gil. Ah, presso alla morte, sì giovane, sono!
 Oh cielo, peggli empì ti chiedo perdono.
 Perdona tu, o padre, a questa infelice!
 Sia l' uomo felice—ch' or vado a salvar.
 Mad. Su, spicciati, presto, fa l' opra compita:
 Anelo una vita—con altra salvar.
 Spa. Ebbene—son pronto, quell' uscio dischiudi;
 Finchè l' altro li scadi—mi preme salvar.
 [Va a postarsi con un pugnale dietro la porta—Madda-
 lena apre, poi corre a chiudere la grande arcata di
 fronte;—mentre entra Gilda, dietro a cui Sparafucile
 chiude la porta, e tutto resta sepolto nel silenzio e nel
 buio.

Entra RIGOLETTO, solo, si avvanza dal fondo della scena
 chiuso nel suo mantello—La violenza del temporale è dimi-
 nuita, nè più si vede e sente che qualche lampo e tuono.

Rig. Della vendetta olfin giunge l' istante!
 Da trenta dì l' aspetto
 Di vivo sangue a lagrime piangendo
 Sotto la larva del buffon—Quest' uscio!
 [Esaminando la casa.
 E chiuso! Ah, non è tempo ancor! S' attenda.
 Qual notte di mistero!
 Una tempesta in cielo!
 In terra un omicidio!
 Oh, come invero qui grande mi sento!
 Mezza notte!
 [Suona mezza notte.

Entra SPARAFUCILE, dalla casa.

Spa. Chi è là?
 Rig. Son io. [Per entrare.
 Spa. Sostate.
 [Rientra, e torna, trascinando un sacco.
 E qui spento il vostr' uomo—
 Rig. Oh, gioja! un lame!
 Spa. Un lume? No, il danaro.
 [Rigoletto gli dà una borsa.
 Spa. Lesti all' onda il gettiam—
 Rig. No—basta io solo.
 Spa. Come pi piace—Qui men atto è il sito—
 Più avanti è più profondo il gorgo—Presto

Spa. The reward we shall lose.
 Mad. That's true.
 Spa. Let me do it.
 Mad. He must be saved.
 Spa. Should any other before midnight arrive,
 Him I will slay instead of him now here.
 Mad. The night is dark, through the sky the thunder roars
 No one at such a time this place will pass.
 Gil. Oh, what a temptation—for th' ingrate to die!
 And for thee, father! Oh, heaven guide me!

[The clock strikes the half-hour.
 Spa. There is still half an hour.
 Mad. Brother, wait. [Weeps.
 Gil. What! that woman weep, and I not help him!
 Ah! although to my love truthless he be.
 My life for his shall be the sacrifice!
 [Knocks at the door.
 Mad. Who knocks?
 Spa. 'Tis the wind.
 Mad. Some one knocks, I'm sure
 Spa. It is strange.
 Mad. Who's there?
 Gil. Have pity on a stranger.
 A lodging grant him for this bitter night.
 Mad. A long night 'twill be for him!
 Spa. Wait awhile.

[He searches the cupboard for something.
 Gil. Ah! so near to death, and yet so young!
 Oh! for these wretches God's pardon I ask;
 Forgive, O father, thine unhappy child!
 And happy live the man I die to save!
 Mad. Now hasten, quick, the fatal deed enact;
 To save one life another I yield up.
 Spa. Well, I am ready the issue to abide,
 I care not so that the reward I get.
 [He goes behind the doorway with a dagger—Maddalena
 opens the door, and then runs forward, to close them
 in front—Gilda enters and Sparafucile closes the
 door—all the rest is buried in silence and darkness.

Enter RIGOLETTO, enveloped in a cloak; he advances from
 the road to the front of the scene. The violence of the storm
 has abated, the lightning and thunder still continuing occa-
 sionally.

Rig. At last the hour of my revenge is nigh;
 Full thirty days and nights for this I've waited,
 My soul with tears of blood consuming,
 Under the guise of a buffoon. That door
 [Examining the house
 Is shut! 'Tis not yet the hour—I must wait.
 What a night of foul mystery is this!
 The heavens in a tempest,
 On the earth a homicide!
 Oh, how truly great do I now feel!
 'Tis midnight!
 [The clock strikes twelve

Enter SPARAFUCILE, from the house.

Spa. Who is there?
 Rig. It is I. [About to enter.
 Spa. Wait where you are.
 [Re-enters the house, and returns, dragging a sack.
 Your man is here disposed of.
 Rig. O, joy—a light!
 Spa. A light? No—first the money.
 [Rigoletto hands him a purse.
 Spa. Let us into the river cast him.
 Rig. No! alone I'll do it.
 Spa. As you please; but this place is not the best.
 Higher up, the stream is deeper. Be quick,

(Che alcun non vi sorprenda—Buono notte.

Rig. Egli è là! morto! O sì—vorrei vederlo!
Ma che importa! è ben desso! Ecco i suoi sproni!
Ora mi guardo, o mondo—
Quest'è un buffone, ed un potente è questo!
E sta sotto a' miei piedi. E desso! E desso!
E giunta alfin la tua vendetta, o diavolo!
Sia l'onda a lui sepolcro,
Un sacco il suo lenzuolo!

[*En per trascinare il sacco verso la sponda, quando è sorpreso dalla lontana voce del Duca, che nel fondo attraversa la scena.*

Qual voce! illusione notturna è questa!
No! no! egli è desso! è desso!
Maledizione! Ohi—dimon bandito!

[*Trasalendo verso la casa.*
Chi è mai, chi è qui in sua voce;

[*Taglia il sacco.*
Io tremo—E umano corpo!

Mia figlia! Dio! mia figlia!
Ah no! è impossibile! per Verona è in via!
Fu vision! E desso!
Oh, mia Gilda! fanciulla a me rispondi!
L'assassino mi svela—Ohi! Nessuno!

[*Picchia disperatamente alla casa.*
Nessun! mia figlia—

Gil. Chi mi chiama?
Rig. Ella parla! si muove! è viva! oh Dio!
Ah! mio ben solo in terra;
Mi guarda—mi conosci—

Gil. Ah, padre mio—
Rig. Qual mistero! che fa! sei tu ferita?
Gil. L'acciari qui mi piagò—
Rig. Cal t'ha colpita!
Gil. V'ho ingannata—colpevole fui;
L'amai troppo—ora muoio per lui!

Rig. (Dio tremendo! ella stesso fu colta
Dallo stral di mia giusta vendetta!)
Angiol caro; mi guarda, m'ascolta.
Parla; parlami, figlia diletta!
Gil. Ah! ch'io taccia! a me—a lui perdonate;
Benedite alla figlia, o mio padre.

That no one may observe you. Good night.

Rig. Here he is!—dead! I should like to see him!
But what matters? 'Tis done! Here are his spurs
Now will the world again look well with me!
Here is the buffoon, and here his master!
At my feet he lies. It is he! It is he!
Now hath my grief its just revenge attain'd!
In the sea shall be his sepulchre,
This sack his winding-sheet!

[*He tries to drag the sack towards the river, when he is surprised at hearing the voice of the Duke, who passes along the background.*

What voice is that! Or is it an illusion?
No! no! it is he! It is himself! [Greatly alarmed.
The Malediction! Oh, there! demon of hell!

[*Nearing the house with the sack.*
But who, instead of him, can be in the sack!

[*Tearing open the sack.*
I tremble. It is a human body!

My daughter! Oh, God, my daughter!
Ah, no! it is impossible;
Towards Verona she journeyeth;
A dreadful vision this must be.

[*Knocking down.*
Oh, my Gilda! Tell me who this has done!
The assassin to me reveal! Ho! who's here!

[*Knocking violently at the door.*
No one! Oh, my daughter!

Gil. Who calls on me?
Rig. She speaks! she moves! she lives! Oh, heaven!
Ah! my only worldly solace,
Look on me; dost thou not know me?

Gil. Father!
Rig. Unveil this mystery! Art thou wounded?
Gil. The sword pierced me here. [Points to her breast
Rig. Who was it stabbed you?
Gil. I have deceived you! I am guilty!

Rig. Too much I lov'd him—now I die for him!
(O, awful fate, by my hand hath she fallen,
Of my righteous vengeance the sole victim)
Angel dear, look on me, to me listen;
Speak, oh, speak to me, my darling daughter!
Gil. More I cannot speak: pardon me and him!
O, my father, bless your dying daughter.

LASSU IN CIELO—IN HEAV'N ABOVE. DUETT. RIGOLETTO and GILDA.

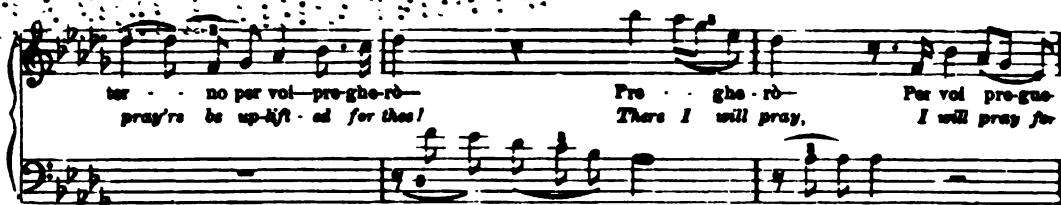
GILDA.
Las-su— in cie - lo, — vi - ci - na al - la ma - dre, In e - - ter no per voi pre - ghe -
In heav'n a - bove, at the side of my moth - er, There shall my pray'rs be up - lift - ed for

RIG.
rò. Non mo - vir, mio te - so - ro - ple - ta - to — Mi - a co - lom - ba, las - ciar - mi non
thes! Ah! leave me not here a - lone, my on - ly trea - sure, Part - ed from thee, tender dove, all dark will

GILDA.
Las - su— in cie - lo, vi - ci - na al la ma - - dre — In e -
In heav'n a - bove, at the side of my moth - - er, There shall my

RIG.
del, no la - sciar - mi non det -
be all dark, all dark will be!
Oh mia fi - glia! —
Oh, stay, dear child

RIGOLETTO.



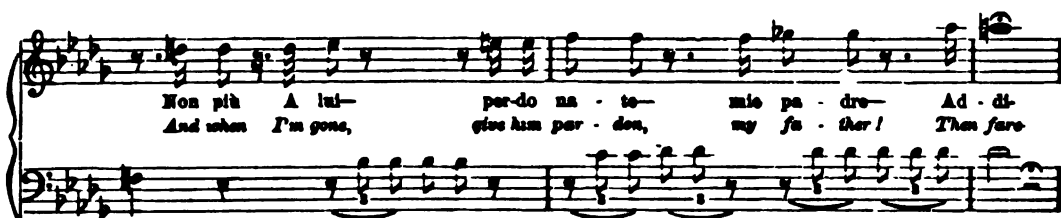
ter - no per voi - pre - ghe - rò - Pre - ghe - rò - Per voi pre - gue -
 pray're be up - lift - ed for thee! There I will pray, I will pray for

No, las - ciar - mi non del - non mor - ir -
 Ah, no, thou must not die! leave me not!



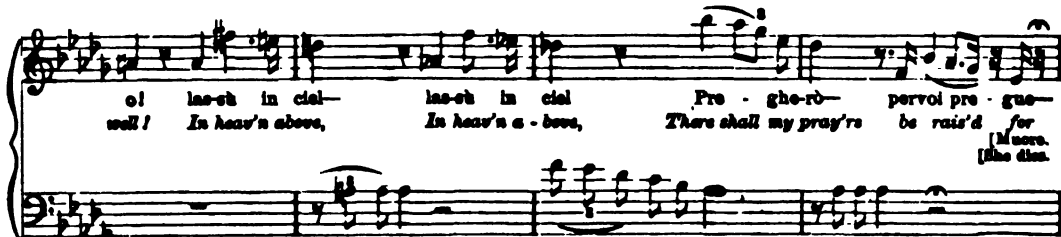
Se t'in - vo - li - qui sol qui sol ri - mar - rei, Non morire o qui te - co mor -
 Ah! do not leave me here a - lone, my child! Parted from thee, my child, all dark will

Be t'in - vo - li - qui sol qui sol ri - mar - rei, Non morire o qui te - co mor -
 Ah! do not leave me here a - lone, my child! Parted from thee, my child, all dark will



Non più A lui - per - do na - te - mie pa - dre - Ad - di -
 And when I'm gone, give him per - don, my fa - ther! Then fare

Oh! stay, my child! Oh! my Gilda! no, las - ciar - mi non del -
 be! Oh! stay, my child! Oh! my Gilda! Leave me not here a - lone!



o! las - ci in ciel - las - ci in ciel Pre - ghe - rò per voi pre - gue -
 well! In heav'n above, In heav'n a - bove, There shall my pray're be rais'd for
 [More.]
 [She dies.]

non mor - ir - No, las - ciar - mi non del - non mor - ir -
 do not die! Leave me not here alone! do not die!



Gil - da! mia Gil - da! - E mor - ta! Ah! la ma - le - di - zio - ne!
 Gil - da! my Gil - da! Ah! dark, now! Ah! you, his curse is on..... me!

(Strappandosi i capelli, cade sul cadavere della figlia. | [Falling and tearing his hair over the corpse of his daughter.]

THE END.

Standard Musical Works

FOR READING AND STUDY

OUTLINES OF MUSIC HISTORY

By CLARENCE G. HAMILTON

This book is based on a course of study prepared for the students of Wellesley College, by Clarence G. Hamilton, and thoroughly tested by him during a term of three years. It is now offered to schools, colleges, conservatories, musical clubs, as the best available work, both concise and full as needed, affording sufficient material, yet pointing the way to exhaustive study if the pupil wishes to go further into certain subjects. Special features are the studies of representative compositions, the many portraits of composers, and illustrations of instruments, etc.

Price, post-paid, \$1.50

A GUIDE TO PARSIFAL

By RICHARD ALDRICH

The origins of the drama, its story and an explanation of its leading motives. The book also contains eight reproductions of photographs of scenes from the drama. The most practical and helpful manual on Wagner's great music drama.

Price, in cloth, \$1.00

A GUIDE TO THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG

By RICHARD ALDRICH

This book is on the plan of the author's very successful "Guide to Parsifal." The origin and story of the trilogy are given, and an analysis of its music with the principal motives in notation.

Price, in cloth, \$1.25

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF MUSIC

By J. C. MACY

Briefly states the facts relative to the history of music, from the earliest times to the present era, and gives, in addition, short biographical sketches of famous musicians, with a chronological list of great composers. Portraits of each of the greatest masters are given, and the historical part of the book has illustrative music. This little book has been prepared for "young people," but will be interesting to all who choose to take it in hand, especially those who do not wish to study the larger histories.

Price, in cloth, \$1.00

MUSIC CLUB PROGRAMS FROM ALL NATIONS

By ARTHUR ELSON

Musical clubs, classes, and every executant who wishes material for recital programs will find use for this book, which is unique in that it furnishes, under one cover, what the student has hitherto been obliged to collate from a number of books. Each chapter is devoted to a national school of music; programs are given to illustrate the various chapters, and questions are added which can be used for study in classes. The programs are in three grades, — easy, medium, and difficult, — and include music for the piano, violin, and voice. Illustrated with over one hundred portraits of composers.

Price, post-paid, \$1.25

THE SYMPHONY SINCE BEETHOVEN

By FELIX WEINGARTNER

A treatise on the highest form of musical art by one of the world's foremost conductors. It is a book not only for music students, but for all who listen to orchestra music, inspiring, as it does, a keener and more discriminating appreciation of the works of the masters who have wrought in this form.

Price, \$1.00

SKETCHES OF MUSICAL COMPOSERS

By L. B. URBINO

A compact work, containing the briefly told story of important events in the lives of about one hundred celebrated musicians; nearly all, in fact, who have "made the music of the world" since the year 1510.

Price, in cloth, \$1.50

BEETHOVEN, A BIOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE

By HERIBERT RAU

MOZART, A BIOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE

By HERIBERT RAU

These books, partly biographical and partly story, have been inspired by sincere reverence for the masters of the tone-art. They aim to bring closer to the hearts of all the memory of the two great musicians and to awaken a love, veneration, and enthusiasm for themselves and their creations.

Price, each, in cloth, \$1.50

NOTE.—These works will be sent with return privilege to those with no accounts upon receipt of price, which will be cheerfully returned, less postage, if not satisfactory.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York

LYON & HEALY, Chicago

J. E. DITSON & CO., Philadelphia



Quarter of a Million Sold of the Famous "Half Dollar" Series

PIANO—Two Hands

Forty Very Easy Piano Pieces. (First and Second Series)
Thirty Easy Piano Pieces. (Second Grade)
Easy Pieces in Easy Keys. Vols. I and II
Easy Salon Music for the Piano. (First and Second Series)
Popular Salon Music for the Piano
Dance Waltzes for the Piano
Marches and Two-steps for the Piano
School and Gymnasium Marches
Familiar Melodies Transcribed for the Piano. Vols. I, II, and III
Richard Goerdeler. Popular Piano Compositions. Vols. I and II
Carl Heins. Popular Piano Compositions. Vol. I
Eduard Holst. Popular Piano Compositions. Vols. I and II

PIANO—Four Hands

Very Easy Piano Duets. (First and Second Grades)
Easy Four-hand Pieces for the Piano. (Second and Third Grades)
Four-hand Recreations for the Piano. (Third Grade)

PIPE AND REED ORGAN

Popular Church Organ Pieces
Reed Organ Selections for Church

VIOLIN, VIOLIN AND PIANO

Favorite Duets for Violin and Piano
Old-time Jigs and Reels for the Violin
Favorite Reels, Jigs, and Hornpipes for the Violin and Piano

SONGS

Thirty Songs for Children
Twenty Songs. By Stephen C. Foster

MANDOLIN, GUITAR, AND BANJO

Favorite Duets for Mandolin and Piano
Favorite Duets for Mandolin and Guitar
Twenty-four Guitar Solos
Minstrel Songs with Banjo Accompaniment
Minstrel Songs with Guitar Accompaniment

CORNET AND PIANO, CLARINET AND PIANO, TROMBONE OR BARITONE AND PIANO

Easy Dance Music for Cornet and Piano
Selected Duets for Cornet and Piano
Popular Melodies for Bb Clarinet with Piano Accompaniment
Popular Solos for Trombone or Baritone with Piano Accompaniment
Twelve Flute Solos

50 Cents Each, Post-paid

NOTE.—A booklet containing complete table of contents of each book free on request.
These works will be sent with return privilege to those with no accounts *upon receipt of price*,
which will be returned, less postage, if not satisfactory.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston

Chas. H. Ditson & Co., New York Lyon & Healy, Chicago J. E. Ditson & Co., Philadelphia
Order of your home dealer or the above houses



THE MUSICIANS LIBRARY

THE MOST IMPORTANT SERIES OF VOLUMES of the master-pieces of song and piano music ever issued. Eighteen volumes have already appeared under this title, to be followed by others at frequent intervals, until the whole range of music of living interest (excluding the choral and orchestral) has been covered.

Each volume is independent, complete in itself, and sold by itself; and contains a portrait, elaborate introduction, bibliography and music in full folio size.

Each volume is edited by an authority. Among the editors of volumes already published, and those about to be issued, are the following:—

EUGEN d'ALBERT
WM. F. APTHORP
CARL ARMBRUSTER
S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR
FRANK DAMROSCH
M. ESPOSITO
HENRY T. FINCK
WM. ARMS FISHER
DR. PERCY GOETSCHUIS
PHILIP HALE
W. J. HENDERSON
HELEN HOPEKIRK
RUPERT HUGHES

JAMES HUNEKER
HENRY E. KREHBIEL
MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI
ERNEST NEWMAN
ISIDOR PHILIPP
DR. EBENEZER PROUT
CARL REINECKE
XAVIER SCHARWENKA
OTTO SINGER
AUGUST SPANUTH
BERTHA FEIRING TAPPER
THOMAS TAPPER
DR. CHARLES VINCENT

No expense has been spared to insure perfection in every detail. The volumes are beautifully bound in paper, made expressly for THE MUSICIANS LIBRARY, and also in cloth, gilt.

In editorship, accuracy, typography, engraving, binding; in everything that contributes to artistic ensemble and a reliable text, The Musicians Library is an EPOCH-MAKING SERIES in the history of music publishing.

Send for our Musicians Library Booklet giving full particulars

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON



The Musicians Library

This notable series has been planned to embrace all the masterpieces of song and piano literature; to gather into superbly made volumes of uniform size and binding the best work of the best composers, edited by men of authority. Each volume is independent, complete in itself, and sold by itself.

PIANO VOLUMES

- BACH PIANO ALBUM**
Vol. I. Shorter Compositions..... Edited by Dr. Ebenezer Prout
- BACH PIANO ALBUM**
Vol. II. Larger Compositions..... Edited by Dr. Ebenezer Prout
- BEETHOVEN PIANO COMPOSITIONS**
Vols. I and II..... Edited by Eugen D'Albert
- CHOPIN, FRÉDÉRIC**
Forty Piano Compositions..... Edited by James Huneker
- CHOPIN, FRÉDÉRIC**
The Greater Chopin..... Edited by James Huneker
- GRIEG, EDVARD**
Larger Piano Compositions..... Edited by Bertha Feiring Tapper
- HAYDN, FRANZ JOSEF**
Twenty Piano Compositions..... Edited by Xaver Scharwenka
- LISZT, FRANZ**
Twenty Original Piano Compositions..... Edited by August Spanuth
- LISZT, FRANZ**
Twenty Piano Transcriptions..... Edited by August Spanuth
- LISZT, FRANZ**
Ten Hungarian Rhapsodies..... Edited by August Spanuth and John Orth
- MENDELSSOHN, FELIX**
Thirty Piano Compositions..... { Edited by Percy Goetschius, Mus. Doc.
With a Preface by Daniel Gregory Mason
- MOZART, WOLFGANG AMADEUS**
Twenty Piano Compositions..... Edited by Carl Reinecke
- SCHUMANN, ROBERT**
Fifty Piano Compositions..... Edited by Xaver Scharwenka
- WAGNER, RICHARD**
Selections from the Music Dramas..... Edited by Otto Singer
-
- ANTHOLOGY OF FRENCH PIANO MUSIC**
Vol. I. Early Composers..... Edited by Isidor Philipp
Vol. II. Modern Composers..... Edited by Isidor Philipp
- EARLY ITALIAN PIANO MUSIC**..... Edited by M. Esposito
- TWENTY-FOUR NEGRO MELODIES**..... Transcribed for Piano by S. Coleridge-Taylor

Each volume in heavy paper, cloth back, \$1.50; in full cloth, gilt, \$2.50. Copies mailed post-paid. Other volumes in preparation. Booklets, giving full particulars, with portraits of Editors and contents of volumes published, FREE on request.

NOTE — These works will be sent with return privilege to those with no accounts upon receipt of price, which will be returned, less postage, if not satisfactory.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.
NEW YORK

LYON & HEALY
CHICAGO

J. E. DITSON & CO.
PHILADELPHIA

Order of your home dealer or the above houses



The Musicians Library

This notable series has been planned to embrace all the masterpieces of song and piano literature; to gather into superbly made volumes of uniform size and binding the best work of the best composers, edited by men of authority. Each volume is independent, complete in itself, and sold by itself.

SONG VOLUMES

- BRAHMS, JOHANNES**
Forty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice..... Edited by James Huneker
- FRANZ, ROBERT**
Fifty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice..... Edited by William Foster Apthorp
- GRIEG, EDVARD**
Fifty Songs. High Voice..... Edited by Henry T. Finck
- HANDEL, GEORGE FRIDERIC**
Vol. I. Songs and Airs for High Voice.
Vol. II. Songs and Airs for Low Voice..... Edited by Ebenezer Prout
- SCHUBERT, FRANZ**
Fifty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice..... Edited by Henry T. Finck
- SCHUMANN, ROBERT**
Fifty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice..... Edited by W. J. Henderson
- WAGNER, RICHARD**
Lyrics for Soprano..... Edited by Carl Armbruster
- WAGNER, RICHARD**
Lyrics for Tenor..... Edited by Carl Armbruster
- WAGNER, RICHARD**
Lyrics for Baritone and Bass..... Edited by Carl Armbruster
- WOLF, HUGO**
Fifty Songs. High Voice..... Edited by Ernest Newman
- FIFTY MASTERSONGS**
High Voice. Low Voice..... Edited by Henry T. Finck
- FIFTY SHAKSPEARE SONGS**
High Voice. Low Voice..... Edited by Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc.
- MODERN FRENCH SONGS**
Vol. I. Bernberg to Franck. High Voice. Low Voice.
Vol. II. Georges to Widor. High Voice. Low Voice.... Edited by Philip Hale
- SEVENTY SCOTTISH SONGS**
High Voice. Low Voice..... Helen Hopekirk
- SONGS BY THIRTY AMERICANS**
High Voice. Low V..... Rupert Hughes
- SONGS FROM THE OPERAS FOR**
H. E. Krehbiel
- SONGS FROM THE OPERAS FOR**
H. E. Krehbiel
- SONGS FROM THE OPERAS FOR**
H. E. Krehbiel

Each volume in heavy paper, cloth back.
Other volumes in preparation. Booklets
of volumes published, FREE on request.

NOTE — These works will be sent with
of price, which will be returned, less

ed post-paid.
prs and con-
upon receipt

OLIVER DITS

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO. L3
NEW YORK

N & CO.
PHILADELPHIA

Order of your 1 or the above houses

The Musician

15 cents per copy

\$1.50 per year

A Monthly Journal for Teachers, Students, and Lovers of Music
48 pages of Reading. 24 pages of Music

Endorsed by the leading American teachers and educators

THE MUSICIAN pays special attention to *educational work in music*, and keeps in close touch with the leading teachers of the United States and Europe so as to bring before its readers the *latest and most approved ideas of teaching and study*. Each number contains valuable articles of a historical, biographical, reminiscent, critical, pedagogic, and practical character, covering in the course of a year *every phase* of the professional and business relations of the musician.

LEADING FEATURES ARE

Departments for Singers, Organists, Violinists, and the Children; Answers to Queries, News Items, and Personal Notes about Musicians, Reviews of New Books, Announcements of New Publications by the leading American music publishers, etc.

Special Composer numbers (Beethoven, Schubert, Grieg & MacDowell, etc.). Handsome covers. Many illustrations.

SEND FOR PREMIUM BOOK

Many useful collections of music, musical literature, and music supplies can be obtained at a low price in connection with a subscription to THE MUSICIAN

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

150 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Standard Opera Librettos

PUBLISHED BY

Oliver Ditson Company

SERIES ONE

These librettos, with words of the opera, and including the music of the principal airs, are reliable and authoritative, and are the same as used by all the leading opera companies.

Price, 25 cents each

Africaine, L'	Italian and English	<i>Meyerbeer</i>	Favorita, La	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>
Aida	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>	Fidello	German and English	<i>Beethoven</i>
Amico Fritz, L'	Italian and English	<i>Mascagni</i>	Fille de Madame Angot, La	French and English	<i>Lecocq</i>
Blue-Beard	French and English	<i>Offenbach</i>	Fledermaus, Die	German and English	<i>Strauss</i>
Barber of Seville	Italian and English	<i>Rossini</i>	Fleur de Thé	French and English	<i>Hervé</i>
Belle Hélène, La	French and English	<i>Offenbach</i>	Flying Dutchman, The	English	<i>Wagner</i>
Bells of Corneville (Chimes of Normandy)	English	<i>Planquette</i>	Flying Dutchman, The	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>
Billee Taylor	English	<i>Solomon</i>	Fra Diavolo	Italian and English	<i>Auber</i>
Boccaccio	English	<i>Suppé</i>	Freischütz, Der	Italian and English	<i>Weber</i>
Bohemian Girl, The	Italian and English	<i>Balfe</i>	Freischütz, Der	German and English	<i>Weber</i>
Capuletti E Montecchi, I	Italian and English	<i>Belini</i>	Gazza Ladra, La	Italian and English	<i>Rossini</i>
Carmen	Italian and English	<i>Bizet</i>	Geneviève de Brabant	French and English	<i>Offenbach</i>
Carmen	French and English	<i>Bizet</i>	Gillette	English	<i>Audran</i>
Carnival of Venice	Italian and English	<i>Petrella</i>	Gloconda, La	Italian and English	<i>Ponchielli</i>
Cavalleria Rusticana	Italian and English	<i>Mascagni</i>	Giroflé-Girofla	French and English	<i>Lecocq</i>
Cinderella	Italian and English	<i>Rossini</i>	Giuramento, Il	Italian and English	<i>Mercadante</i>
Claude Duval	English	<i>Solomon</i>	Götterdämmerung, Die	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>
Crispino e La Comare	English	<i>L. and F. Ricci</i>	Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, The	French and English	<i>Offenbach</i>
Crown Diamonds, The	French and English	<i>Auber</i>	Hamlet	English	<i>Thomas</i>
Dame Blanche, La	English	<i>Boieldieu</i>	Huguenots, Les	Italian and English	<i>Meyerbeer</i>
Damnation of Faust, The	French and English	<i>Berlioz</i>	Infanta's Dolls, The	English	<i>Grisar</i>
Daughter of the Regiment, The	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>	Ione	Italian and English	<i>Petrella</i>
Dinorah	Italian and English	<i>Meyerbeer</i>	Jewess, The	Italian and English	<i>Halter</i>
Doctor of Alcantara, The	English	<i>Eichberg</i>	Lakmé	Italian and English	<i>Delibes</i>
Don Giovanni	Italian and English	<i>Mozart</i>	Lily of Killarney, The	English	<i>Benedict</i>
Don Pasquale	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>	Linda di Chamounix	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>
Dorothy	English	<i>Collier</i>	Little Duke, The	English	<i>Lecocq</i>
El	French and English	<i>Bemberg</i>	Lohengrin	Italian and English	<i>Wagner</i>
El	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>	Lohengrin	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>
El	Italian and English	<i>Jachobowski</i>	Lombardi, I	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>
El	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>	Lovely Galatea, The	English	<i>Suppé</i>
El	Italian and English	<i>Meyerbeer</i>	Love's Vow	English	<i>Audran</i>
F	English	<i>Suppé</i>	Lucia di Lammermoor	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>
F	Italian and English	<i>Gounod</i>	Lucrezia Borgia	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>
F	French and English	<i>Gounod</i>	Luisa Miller	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>
			Lurline	Italian and English	<i>Wallace</i>

Standard Opera Libretto

PUBLISHED BY

Oliver Ditson Company

SERIES TWO

These librettos, with words of the opera, and including the music of principal airs, are reliable and authoritative, and are the same as used by the leading opera companies.

Price, 25 Cents each

Madame Favart	English	<i>Offenbach</i>	Pinafore	English	S
Magic Flute, The	Italian and English	<i>Mozart</i>	Pirata, Il	Italian and English	
Manon	French and English	<i>Massenet</i>	Princess de Trebizonde, La	English	<i>Off</i>
Marriage of Figaro	Italian and English	<i>Mozart</i>	Prophète, Le	Italian and English	<i>Me</i>
Maria Di Rohan	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>	Puritani, I	Italian and English	
Maritana	English	<i>Wallace</i>	Queen of Sheba, The	German and English	<i>Go</i>
Martha	Italian and English	<i>Flotow</i>	Reine Topaze, La	English	
Martiri, I	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>	Rhinegold, The	German and English	<i>V</i>
Masaniello	Italian and English	<i>Auber</i>	Rigoletto	Italian and English	
Mascot, The	English	<i>Audran</i>	Robert le Diable	Italian and English	<i>Me</i>
Masked Ball, The	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>	Robinsonade	English	
Mastersingers of Nuremberg, The	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>	Romeo and Juliet	Italian and English	<i>O</i>
Medistofele	Italian and English	<i>Botto</i>	Rose of Castile, The	English	
Merry Wives of Windsor, The	English	<i>Nicolai</i>	Ruy Blas	English	<i>Me</i>
Mignon	Italian and English	<i>Thomas</i>	Samson and Delilah	French and English	<i>Soim</i>
Mikado, The	English	<i>Sullivan</i>	Semiramide	Italian and English	<i>A</i>
Mirella	Italian and English	<i>Gounod</i>	Siegfried	German and English	<i>W</i>
Mousquetaires, Les	English	<i>Varney</i>	Sleeping Queen, The	English	
Nadja	English	<i>Chassaigne</i>	Sonnambula, La	Italian and English	
Nanon	English	<i>Gendé</i>	Sorcerer, The	English	<i>Sw</i>
Norma	Italian and English	<i>Bellini</i>	Spectre Knight, The	English	
Olivette	English	<i>Audran</i>	Stradella	English	
Ombra, L'	French and English	<i>Flotow</i>	Tannhäuser	German and English	<i>W</i>
Orpheus	English	<i>Gluck</i>	Traviata, La	Italian and English	
Orpheus	French and English	<i>Offenbach</i>	Tristan and Isolde	German and English	<i>W</i>
Otello	Italian and English	<i>Rossini</i>	Trovatore, Il	Italian and English	
Otello	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>	Walküre, Die	German and English	<i>W</i>
Pagliacci, I	Italian and English	<i>Leoncavallo</i>	William Tell	Italian and English	<i>Ross</i>
Parsifal	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>	Yeomen of the Guard, The	English	<i>Sullivan</i>
Paul and Virginia	English	<i>Massé</i>	Zampa	Italian and English	<i>Hérold</i>
Perichole, La	French and English	<i>Offenbach</i>			

Photomount
Pamphlet
Binder
Gaylord Bros., Inc.
Makers
Stockton, Calif.
PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

SON-9-40

NOV 4-1943
MAR 30 '45

MUSIC LIBRARY

MAR 8 1957

MUSIC LIBRARY

DEC 15 1958

NOV 16 1966

DEC 7 1977

ML 50 .V38 R42d
Rigoletto,

C.2

Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 042 655 030

ML50
V38R42d
cop. 2

620586